

THE REISSUE OF

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 462—VOL. XVIII.]

NEW YORK, AUGUST 6, 1864.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.
13 WEEKS \$1 00.]

The Late Peace Conference at Niagara Falls.

THERE has of late been an extraordinary meeting of peace-makers at Niagara Falls. Considering the strange characters thus strangely brought together, face to face, the magnitude and gravity of the subject of their consultations and correspondence, and the sudden extinguisher clapped upon their proceedings by "Honest Abe Lincoln," it was indeed an extraordinary Peace Conference, without a precedent in the records of the domestic diplomacy of any nation on the face of the earth, before or since the rebellion of Absalom. Stripped of its false pretences, its disguises and its delusions, however, it appears "like a tale told by an idiot," and is in its conclusion

"full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

But the designs of the self-constituted peace ambassadors from Jeff Davis, as betrayed in this affair, are worthy of some special attentions. Mr. George N. Sanders, in his own peculiar way, as a Southern Democratic scene-shifter and revolutionist, has for many years been playing in both hemispheres the rôle of Warwick, the King Maker. His plan of operations, usually employed, has been very simple—the manipulation of a half dozen leading politicians, at any time, over a bountiful private dinner, lacking nothing from the appetizing raw oysters in the outset to a quiet game of brag at the close. These costly entertainments,



RUINS OF THE BLAIR MANSION, NEAR WASHINGTON—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

in the next place, on this side the water at least, have cost him nothing; for he has always contrived to make the Democratic party, in fat offices and contracts, foot the bills. With the outbreak of the rebellion, he was found on the side of Davis, and deep in the plot of a Southern Confederacy, having entered into it as offering an unbounded field for vast and lucrative speculations abroad as a confidential agent of the new Government. In this capacity as a "Confederate" contractor in England for ironclad vessels of war and swift blockade-runners, it is said that Mr. Sanders "realised something," until "Confederate" ironclads from English ports were discovered by her Majesty's Cabinet to be contrabands, and the building of blockade-runners at a venture was found to be a losing game. Then Mr. Sanders hearing of the postponement, on the peace question, of the Chicago Democratic Convention, from the 4th of July to the 29th August, crossed the Atlantic to try once more his luck of a finger or two in this Democratic pie.

This explanation concerning Mr. Sanders will enable the uninitiated readers to guess who was the initiating spirit of this late Niagara Peace Conference. It was Mr. Sanders. He breaks the ice in his introductory dispatch to Mr. Greeley; he then retires into the background, and the late United States Senator, Clement C. Clay, of Alabama, and Professor Holcombe, of Virginia, are brought forward as the representatives of Mr. Jeff Davis, who desire to open negotiations for peace. Mr.



THE BACK OF THE BLAIR MANSION—BENJAMIN CAROUSING NEAR THE GARDEN VASE—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, R. F. MULLAN.

Greeley communicates with Mr. Lincoln, and is authorized to bring these rebel envoys extraordinary down to Washington. But brought to this test, they find it expedient to explain that they are acting without authority from their master Davis; but that as volunteer peace advocates they would like to be passed through to Washington, and thence to Richmond, and they would like to take Mr. Sanders along with them. Mr. Greeley writes for fresh instructions to "Honest Old Abe," who, in a brief note by his private secretary, Major Hay, "to whom it may concern," says, "that if the parties indicated are ready and competent to treat for peace upon the basis of submission to the Union, and the abolition of slavery, they may come along." Messrs. Clay and Holcombe, indignantly rejecting these overtures, retire in disgust; Mr. Greeley returns to Gotham, a sadder and a wiser man; Mr. Sanders disappears from the public eye, and so ends this famous Niagara Peace Conference.

The question recurs, what were the objects of Mr. George N. Sanders in this business? He had several objects in view. His immediate desire was doubtless to get through to Richmond, to settle his accounts and secure the balances that may be due him from the secret service fund of the so-called Confederate States, for services rendered in Europe. Next, en route to Richmond, he desired, perhaps, a little quiet conversation with some of our leading politicians concerned in the important business of the Chicago Convention. But the great purpose of Mr. Sanders and his associate diplomats was either *bona-fide* to open the door to peace, through the restoration of the rebellious States, or to put the Administration in a false position, and the Chicago Convention on a promising Southern peace platform for the approaching Presidential election. The correspondence in the premises, and the late emphatic declaration of Jeff Davis to Mr. Gilmore (known heretofore as the novelist, Edmund Kirke), of Boston, that the rebellious States will be satisfied with nothing short of Southern independence or Southern extermination, show that Mr. Sanders and Company had no shadow of authority from Richmond for this Chicago conference on the footing originally suggested to Mr. Greeley. We must conclude, therefore, that Mr. Sanders contrived this peace experiment for the benefit of the peace faction interested in the Chicago Convention. We conclude, too, that President Lincoln, through his direct advices from Richmond on the peace question, saw through the game of Mr. Sanders, and that he has effectually blocked it.

Peace must come through the powerful negotiations of Gen. Grant and Sherman, and they are steadily and irresistibly progressing to the desired consummation of a substantial and durable peace, under the old flag, from Maine to Mexico.

Barnum's American Museum.

IMMENSE ATTRACTIONS.—Colossal Giants, Diminutive Dwarfs, Albino Children, Japanese Hog, Skating Pond, Wax Figures, Aquarium, etc., etc. DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES daily at 3 and 7 1/2 o'clock P. M. Admission to all only 25 cents. Children under ten, 15 cents.

Oscanyan's Oriental Album.

Consisting of 23 Photographic Portraits of Oriental Men and Women, taken from life in both indoor and outdoor costumes, representing Turkish, Jewish, Armenian, Christian, Egyptian and Druse nationalities, and also scenes from domestic life, illustrative of Mr. Oscanyan's Lectures.

It is the most popular Album; should be seen on every drawing-room table; and the cheapest and most acceptable present that can be made to a lady. Costs only \$3. Sent free, by mail, on receipt of the price, by

C. OSCANYAN,
Second Avenue, 2d door from 56th St., N. Y.

N.B.—To prevent counterfeiting, each package is accompanied by the proprietor's own autograph in four different languages, viz.: Turkish, Armenian, Greek and English.

TERMS FOR

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

One copy, three months..... \$1 00
One copy, six months..... 2 00
One copy, one year..... 4 00
Two copies, one year, to one address, in one wrapper..... 7 50
Four copies, one year, to one address, in one wrapper..... 15 00
Magazine and paper, one year, to one address..... 6 00
One extra copy to each club of four copies, yearly.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.

One Dollar a line on the outside or last page.
Sixty Cents a line on the 14th and 15th pages.

To Correspondents.

First-class stories will be read promptly, and if found worthy of acceptance, suitably compensated.

The manuscript should be legible, on one side of the paper only, and be accompanied with the address of the writer. Poems of a high order and moderate length will meet with attention.

By the decision of the authorities at Washington, Articles for Newspapers and Magazines cannot be sent by mail at the rates of printed matter. If sent by mail, letter postage must be paid. Packages over four ounces should be sent by express.

When parties wish MSS. returned by mail, postage stamps must be enclosed for the full amount. Contributors of short articles, poems, etc., will do well to keep a copy, as the cheapest course.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 6, 1864.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl Street, New York.

Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

The rebels are not escaping with all their plunder. Indeed, as we remarked last week, very little is likely ever to reach the rebel capital. Gen. Hunter, who has resigned the command of his department, reports that Gen. Averill, with his cavalry, attacked Early, in front of Winchester, on the 20th of July, killing and wounding over 300 men, taking 200 prisoners, among them Gen. Lilley, four cannon, and a large quantity of arms.

At Snicker's gap another party were punished by Gen. Crook, and 300 wagons of plunder recovered. A party at Hughes's creek, alarmed by five scouts, on the 12th destroyed 12 wagons and fled.

On the 20th the rebels shelled our line before Petersburg, but the fire was returned so hotly that one of their caissons blew up.

The next day a general bombardment took place on the rebel line north of the Appomattox. Our 32-pounders destroyed the depot of the Weldon railroad, with nearly all its contents.

Gen. W. F. Smith has been relieved of the command of the 18th corps. Martindale succeeds him. Gen. Barney is assigned to the 10th army corps.

GEORGIA.

Sherman, having crossed the Chattahoochee, flanked Johnston, and drove him into Atlanta. His cavalry meanwhile cut the railroad east of Decatur, preventing Johnston from aiding or being aided by Leo.

On the 21st he made another flank movement, throwing his army to the left, and occupying Decatur.

On the 20th Hood, who had superseded Johnston, marched out of Atlanta and made a desperate attack on Sherman's line; but though he charged three successive times, he was repulsed with terrible loss and compelled to retreat into his works, leaving 600 dead and 4,000 wounded and prisoners in our hands.

On the 21st McPherson, with the centre, advanced to within two miles and a half of the town. Blair was on the extreme left; Hooker on the right, resting on the Chattahoochee. The enemy formed in front. A general skirmishing took place, but no general action. We met a severe loss in the death of Gen. McPherson.

A battle took place next day, it is reported; after which Sherman entered Atlanta.

Escape from Atlanta or relief are both now almost equally impossible, Rousseau having cut their railroads on the south-west at Notauliga and West Point.

The Richmond papers admit that Davis has removed Johnston from the Department of Tennessee, but Sherman had done that long ago.

MISSISSIPPI.

Gen. Slocum made another advance into Mississippi, Gen. Smith co-operating. Forrest called on all citizens between the ages of 15 and 45!!! to rally to his support. On the 16th he captured the Union stockade at Bayou de la Poudre.

Gen. Smith, with the cavalry under Mower and Grierson, came up with Forrest at Tupelo, on the 13th, and in a severe battle defeated the enemy. The rebels attacked again at night, but were repulsed. On the 15th Forrest was three times repulsed, and the next day Smith, being out of supplies, began to march back, and reached La Grange on the 20th, after another engagement. Forrest was wounded and barely escaped. The rebel Gen. Faulkner and Col. Forrest were killed. Their total loss is put down at 2,000.

Two regiments of the Marine Brigade, on the 4th, marched from Rodney, and, after a day's fight, repulsed, with loss, five brigades of rebel cavalry and one of infantry. Our loss was about 150 in all.

MISSOURI.

The rebel guerillas are committing ravages in all parts of the State, the militia in Platte and Clay counties, paid and armed by Government, joining the rebels. Col. Ford, on the 18th, attacked Thornton's guerillas at Arnoldsville, and broke up his band completely, killing 40 and capturing 200 stand of arms.

Refugees are pouring in from those counties and from Ray county, where the Americans engaged the guerillas on the 18th, near Richmond.

Thornton has been in Missouri several months, aided and protected by sympathizers.

On the 17th Capt. Moses, of the 2d Colorado, engaged 300 Bushwhackers at Fredericksburg, Clay county, many of them in the U. S. uniform, and delivering the challenge correctly. They then attacked our men, and Moses at last fell back, losing 10 men, and killing 16. The rebels were pursued by Major Richards towards Knoxville, where they dispersed.

Thornton next entered Caldwell county, and then attacked Plattsburg, Clinton county, killing Capt. Turner, the commander of the two militia companies posted there, and dispersing his men. Jennison is also in pursuit of Thornton and other guerillas.

NAVAL.

The blockade-running sloop, Sarah, Mary and Hope, with cotton, have recently been captured.

THE DUOMO of Milan is rapidly approaching completion. The pinnacles are added to the greater part of the choir, the vast population of statues—some 6,000 in number—are in their places, and "though the ornamentation is of the most lavish nature, it cannot be said that this great temple of God is 'superfluous,' so harmonious and beautiful as the designs."

FOREIGN NEWS.

M. DROUTIN DE LHOUIS had officially informed Mr. Dayton, the American Minister in Paris, that the alleged privateer steamer Yeddo had been sold to the Prussian Government. This disposes of one "new Alabama," and the writer adds that there is little doubt that all the vessels of the long talked-of "rebel fleet" in the French ports will enter the German service.

The debate on Disraeli's censure motion was concluded in the English Parliament on the morning of the 9th of July—Lord Palmerston's policy on the Danish question, as already stated, being sustained in the House of Commons and condemned in the House of Lords.

Earl Russell delivered an energetic speech in defence of the Government to the Peers, and Lord Palmerston made one of his most spirited addresses in sustenance of Earl Russell's course—the Cabinet being a unit on the subject—towards Denmark and Germany in the Commons. Mr. Disraeli wound up the debate with a stinging invective against the foreign diplomacy of the Cabinet.

Earl Russell alleged that France and Russia having refused to join England in an allied sustenance of Denmark, Great Britain was not bound to go to war alone for that object. He relied on the principle of non-intervention, and used the following remarkable words relative to the American question: "The noble earl (the Earl of Carnarvon) said we have no principle in our foreign policy. We have one principle, and that is non-interference in the internal affairs of other nations. With regard to the American war, there have been from time to time great symptoms on the part of the opposition of a wish to afford aid to the Confederate States. It was so obvious that when men attempted, contrary to the proclamation of neutrality, to send out expeditions from our own harbors, those attempts had every favor from the other side of the House. I feel convinced that if those vessels which have been seized had not been taken we should now be engaged in a war with the Northern States."

The English papers say that seldom has Lord Palmerston spoken with greater force and effect than he did on the morning of the 9th. His playful allusion to the juvenility of Disraeli, when he said that "four years before the honorable member for Buckinghamshire had learned the world by his existence," he had defended with success the foreign policy of the Government, was a great hit.

The London Times undertakes to show that agents of Secretary Chase induced very large numbers of the industrial classes in Germany and Holland to invest their savings in United States stocks, promising to pay the interest in specie. The London Times says: "As the sum to be raised yearly by the United States Government in gold will be about £20,000,000, it will, after a time, be found impossible thus to pay these people, and there will be a 'break up' which will entail great suffering on those in Europe who have parted with their hard-earned means."

The Spanish Government has officially proposed a plan of settlement of its difficulty with Peru to the Peruvian Minister at Madrid. In the meantime the Spanish squadron in the Pacific is to be reinforced with three war vessels.

There had been a change of Ministry at Copenhagen, and the Danish King had made peace propositions to Prussia, which were under consideration.

TOWN GOSSIP.

WHY is it—answer, oh, ye strong-minded—that women continually strive, even while they repudiate, to attain many looks and attributes, while men never were known, except under the most effeminate and lascivious courts of Europe, to even partially unsex themselves?

This idea suggested itself to us a few days since in a walk upon Broadway, and an observation of dress. The mode now covets every portion of man's apparel but the bifurcated coverings, and gives it to the belles who have courage enough to mount male belongings.

Look at the double-breasted dress bodies, with real buttons and button-holes! Look at the collars, standing and turn over, and the natty little cravats. Look at the round hats, with plain trimming, that off the heads of their fair wearers could not be recognised for their sex. Look at the hair worn short, the coat sleeve, and lastly, the military style of epaulettes that only wants the rank marked to make the wearers what they choose to assume.

Now, why would not the suggestion be worth notice, that each lady wearer of the shoulder-straps should have a marked rank designating what near relative she had in the army and his position, and allow no relative to count further off than father, husband, son or brother? Is not the idea as good a one as that of Holland, where every lady is addressed by the title of her husband? It would perhaps tend to the recruiting of the Union army, by giving an incentive to the fairer sex to send off surplus husbands and brothers, that they might wear the bars, the stars, the eagles and trefail.

There would be something in such a badge, more to be desired than the black bee of the "Ladies' Anti-Luxury League."

While upon the subject of dress we are disposed to discuss an assertion of a fair friend of ours made the last week, and which may possibly be a fact. She says that our family wants are curtailed for dress, and that wives, sisters and daughters have just as much, or more, of adornment, but at the expense of the creature comforts. Our better halves are staggered at the thought of 35 cents a pound for beef and lamb, and cut down in quantity, or substitute cheaper food, but they are not staggered at organdies at \$1 a yard, for which they once only paid 50 cents. They deny themselves raspberries at 20 cents per basket, but they do not deny themselves gloves at \$2 75, or silks at \$10 per yard. The table is stinted, and a universal cry of despair goes up at the disposition of greenbacks on a marketing tour, but Stewart's, Legrain's and Lord and Taylor's do not suffer.

Verily, we believe that the passion of dress with women is more absorbing and soul-destroying than that of drink with man.

And so as one theme leads to another we will say a word upon drink. "Out of evil cometh good," and out of this war may possibly come a reform that will in a few years save as many lives as all that have been sacrificed to it, and add as much treasure to the country as has been already spent. This may—mind, we say, may—come about through the tax upon liquor, an excise that, if properly guarded by preventing and punishing the sale of adulterated poisons, will make men temperate whether or no, and do away with the great national curse, perpendicular drinking.

At this moment the drinking shops of New York are in a transition state, hesitating between the danger of a rise, and feeling that within a short time they will be compelled to charge 15, 20, or perhaps 25 cents a drink. Most of those prominent upon Broadway have already gone to this point, and the consequence has arisen that the old imbibers have sought new spots in which to cleanse their throats at a smaller tax, spots from which they will soon be driven for the same cause, and finally be forced to succumb to the necessity of getting along on half their usual quantity of stimulant. Whether this will carry out a much needed reform, or whether we shall, like savage nations, seek cheaper modes of stimulation, yet remains to be seen.

A little over a year ago New York did not feel the war that is devastating the land much more than she feels the Danish war. From her superabundant population and wealth she sent men and money, and only regarded the whole matter as too far removed to excite more than

sympathy, and arouse bursts of patriotism that bleeding from a plethoric pocket would quiet. The times have altered, and it seems as though the boasting threat of the rebels was about to become true, that we would yet feel the war upon our hearthstones, and that our streets would know the thraldom of their own. This end is coming about, not in the sense in which they put it, but by reaching every man's home, and touching him most nearly in his daily life. The struggle for subsistence becomes harder, and he is obliged to deny himself and family scores of things that they have been wont to regard only as necessities. His tenure upon all things becomes less secure, and he dreads the loss of employment more than ever before, from the fact that every article of living has become so exorbitant that a loss of means would be only preliminary to starvation. His wages, to be sure, are doubled, but everything he buys is triple or quadruple, and he is consequently from 33 to 40 per cent. worse off than he was two years ago. The clock in a store who was then getting \$1,000 per annum, now gets \$1,500, and congratulates himself on the rise, in reality only getting \$500, his money being worth exactly that amount. The shopboy who luxuriates on a stipend of \$2 50 per week, for sweeping out, running of errands and shutting up, is in the possession of the munificent sum of 66 to 70 cents per week, upon which he is supposed—by some pleasant fiction—to eat, sleep and exist. Both these are part and parcel with thousands of others, whose compensation has not increased at all since 1861, or if it has, not in proportion to the immensely increased prices of living.

All this is felt in the cities, while in the country, where almost every man is a producer, the evil is not realized. The farmers are growing rich, especially those who do not have to hire labor, by the high price of every article they raise, and are hoarding greenbacks at present valuation to some day realise on them at a gold standard.

Just at this time the all-absorbing topic among all classes who are supposed to be able-bodied, and all fair ones who have able-bodied husbands, brothers and sweethearts to lose, is the coming draft. When the master appeals individually to them they awaken and feel the importance of reinforcing our armies, but at the same time they regret their utter inability to go themselves. The truth is that New York, and those to whom is entrusted the recruiting movement, are playing with it. They do not work to achieve the object in view, and every officer of our army who has been here upon recruiting service knows this to be so.

There is at this time no scarcity of men, but the inducements are not sufficient. We are paying now the same bounty, cash in hand, that was paid almost two years ago, when the money was worth almost triple. Three hundred dollars, in the present high value of labor, will not induce men to leave their employment and shoulder the musket. Patriotism is a grand thing, but bread and butter and a house to cover their families during absence is more practical. Thousands of men have enough patriotism to leave the plough and the workshop, could they see of procuring substitutes, but \$300 will go but a small way towards it. The bounty ought to be not less than \$1,000, and it should be assessed upon property. What has the rich man done for this war? So far nothing; and it is only now that he begins to feel, in the shape of taxes, some of its burdens. There has been within the last week a great deal of balderdash printed about the success of the move in allowing any person to pay \$335 into the hands of Mr. Supervisor Blunt, and through him getting a substitute and exemption in case of being drafted. The thing sounds well upon paper, but really amounts to nothing. Should any of those parties be drafted, Mr. Blunt will find it impossible to procure substitutes, but any sum, and whenever the draft does come off nothing less than \$1,000 will purchase a man exempt from it as a substitute. We deprecate this idea of reporting that 100, or some other apocryphal number, men are enlisted daily in the Park, while every one that knows anything of it knows that not one-tenth that number go through.

The week has been an eventful one in dramatic circles, not so much for what has been done on the stage as for what has been done off. In the first place, there has been a second meeting of managers at the house of Mr. Wallace, and a second meeting of actors at the Tremont House—late the Bond Street House. The first meeting went through a great deal of dubious talk, but arrived at nothing positive. The subject of a rise in prices was discussed, but each of the gentlemen present seemed fearful of being called on to tell the cat. Various methods for a rise were talked of, such as making more than half the house reserved seats and raising the price to 75 cents, a neat way of whipping the devil round the stump, while others advocated a straightforward combination and a positive raise of 25 per cent.

If the managers of the New York theatres are in earnest in their desire to please the public, and at the same time serve themselves, no time is more propitious than the present. There is but one mode, and that is by the equalization of prices, making it but one sum all over the house, and adding to the comfort of the audience proportionately. This plan will not do for the Bowery theatres. They cannot dispense with the pit. But on the west side the old Niblo idea of one price all over the house is the only true one. Seventy-five cents can be charged and no favoritism shown. The rule of first come first served should be strictly adhered to, and pert ushers who keep the best seats vacant until some one disburse an extra quarter in their itching palms should be instantly guillotined. The seats should be made more comfortable by widening, the cushions should be liberal, and space allowed, so that a long-legged customer could sit straight and have as much privilege of space as a short-legged one.

With proper attention to these little things, and a proportionate attention to an improvement of the business behind the curtain, the indulgent public will allow them to put on 35 per cent., and will still continue to crowd their houses and make managerial fortunes, as they have done during the past three years; without them the effort will be a failure, and the great public will seek other and more economical ways of amusing itself.

Next comes the meeting of actors, which, having put forth its ultimatum in the shape of several "whereas's" and "resolveds," the amount of which is that during the coming season higher salaries will be expected, as well as sundry other things, all of which will be of no practical effect whatever. While we wish well to the profession, and desire to see them succeed in anything that will better their personal or pecuniary position, we know that no combination simply in New York can have the slightest effect. In such a profession every tub must stand on its own bottom. Every man has his market value, a value that is graded not only by his talent but by his popularity with the public, and no two managers can be found who will make the same estimate of it. Have we not examples of it every day in the engagement of wretched sticks at exorbitant salaries, while real talent keeps the stage year after year at merely a living?

More mechanical trades can be governed by such rules as "The Committee" put forth at the meeting of actors; but all professions depending on the brain must be arbitrary in compensation.

The week has been one of no excitement on the stage. Lucille Western has made a success in "The Sea of Ice," and continues it.

Heleen Western is playing at the Broadway, and drawing good houses with "Don Omar de Bazan" and "Jenny Lind."

Avonia Jones has ended her engagement at Wallace's, and this week we have Dan Bryant in Irish drama.

The Winter Garden opened on the 15th of August. Barnum's box man, Signor Nodola, has recovered, and the public are again to be astonished and puzzled with the wonderful furniture producing box.

The English Opera at the Olympic produces "The Rose of Castile" this week, with all their strength.

It will be worth any one's while to emigrate for an hour or two to the Bowery, and take a look at Campbell's new Minstrel Hall. It is the handsomest affair of the kind in the city.

A MERCURIAL clock has been invented and in use in England—sold for two shillings of our money—which is described as resembling a thermometer, the hands being marked on a scale. Every day it is reversed, and that is all the winding it requires.

A RAPID INCLINE.—Love at first sight.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The city's quota, under the new call for 500,000, is 23,140, being 7,000 more than I was under the previous call for 500,000.

—Gen. Dix has ordered the arrest and imprisonment of Mr. Fuller, editor of the *Newark Evening Journal*, for the publication of the following article: "Let the people unite in a grand defensive league to protect against the demands of the despots at Washington. Let the taxpayers come forward and demand that the system of exorbitant municipal bounties shall cease; and these objects accomplished, Mr. Lincoln will be obliged to depend upon the loyalty of his office-holders and contractors for recruits to carry on the war."

—That very amusing class of mechanics, the actors, have formed a league to compel that very liberal class of men, the managers, to increase their wages. The managers will, of course, increase the price of admission.

—The morning newspapers, with the exception of the *Herald*, have increased the price from three to four cents.

—The merchants' clerks of this city are about to memorialize their employers to increase their salaries.

—The peace negotiations between Horace Greeley and G. N. Sanders were broken off on the 21st July. There seems to be no unwillingness to re-enter the Union on certain conditions.

—It is officially announced that hereafter the United States postage charge, without regard to distance, on letters addressed to or received from the British West Indies, Cuba, Aspinwall, Panama, or any other foreign place or country, to and from which different rates of postage have not been established by an international postal convention or arrangement, will be 10 cents the single rate of half an ounce or under, which must be prepaid on letters sent and collected on letters received; also, that the United States postage charge on newspapers and other printed matter sent to or received from the countries and places referred to will in future be as follows: Two cents each on newspapers, and the established rates on each pamphlet, periodical, and other articles of printed matter, which must, in like manner, be prepaid on matter sent, and collected on matter received. In future the international postage charge upon all letters passing between the province of New Brunswick and any part of the United States, without regard to distance or route of conveyance, will be 10 cents the single rate of half an ounce or under, prepayment optional.

—It has not been decided whether the 7-30 Treasury notes to be issued shall be convertible into five or six per cent. United States bonds. The latter description will probably be determined on by the Secretary of the Treasury.

—Arrangements are being made to organize the postal money order system. Some weeks will unavoidably elapse before it is put into operation, owing to the peculiarity and care required to perfect the machinery to insure complete success.

—Gov. Seymour will not appoint State agents to recruit in the Southern States. He does not believe this to be wise or practicable. If cities or counties choose to pay bounties and appoint agents for recruiting such soldiers, they can do so, and the State authority will give them such facilities as the act of Congress directs.

—L. D. Corey, of Akron, Erie county, New York, has 20 Tuscarora squaws at work, cultivating broom corn. Farm help is scarce, and these "native Americans" find abundant employment.

—Gen. McDowell, at San Francisco, has issued an order requiring passengers on open steamers and ships to give up their arms to the captain of the vessel, and permit an examination of their baggage. The object is to prevent the probable danger of attempts to take possession of steamers on this coast by pirates sailing as passengers.

—The Central American Transit Company have, through the purchase of Mr. M. G. Reed's new and magnificent steamship, the *Golden Rule*, on this side, and the *America* and *Moses Taylor*, on the Pacific, to connect with her. The three steamers will sail monthly, commencing August 23, and carry passengers exclusively. On this principle the company are now building two steamers, which, when completed, will enable them to run a semi-monthly line. This will be, as it was formerly, the fast route to and from California, being the most direct and most agreeable, as the vessels, not being loaded down by freight, can travel after the fashion of the express trains of our railroads, and so must obtain their fair share of passengers.

Southern.—The *Richmond Examiner* says: "For the first time in our varied experience we saw on Tuesday a barrel of flour hauled up Gouverneur street in a hearse! The public stared but the driver drove on. When we came to recollect that flour was \$500 and \$600 per barrel, and that the struggle for bread was one for life and death, we better appreciated the connection between the hearse and the barrel of flour."

—New potatoes in Richmond are only \$5 a quart.

—A Southern lady living in Wetumka is manufacturing black sewing silk for her own use. She has her own silkworms and her own mulberry trees to feed them. Both thrive well and the silk is said to be excellent.

—The correspondent of the *Times* says: "I inquired the cost of a uniform, in Richmond, such as should be worn by a surgeon. They said it would cost \$1,100. Boots cost \$225, if good; caps with a little gold braid \$100. Confederate money is so little use to them that they ceased to carry it. Board in Richmond Hotels, \$50 per day. Wines are only procured at fabulous sums."

Personal.—Harvard University has conferred on Mr. Wm. Pitt Fessenden, our new Finance Minister, the degree of Doctor of Laws.

—Alexandre Dumas is giving readings from his own works in Paris, in imitation of Dickens, Thackeray, etc.

—The Rev. Horatio Stebbins has accepted the call of the congregation formerly presided over by the Rev. Starr King, in San Francisco, to become their pastor. The reverend gentleman states, in his letter of acceptance, that he will sail on the 13th of August.

—Col. Matthew Murphy, 69th New York National Guard, in the field, has been presented with a handsome span of horses in commemoration of his return to his command near Petersburg, after his recent recovery from his wound. Col. Murphy is in command of the 2d brigade, 2d division, 2d army corps.

—Harriet Hosmer, the sculptor, is coming home next month.

—John Brougham, the popular actor and dramatist, is making arrangements to visit New York. He is expected in September.

—Mr. Wm. Swinton, army correspondent of the *New York Times*, and well known as the author of "Ramblings Among Words," has been ordered to leave the lines by Gen. Meade, for "forwarding for publication incorrect statements respecting the operations of the troops."

—Mr. Wm. W. Leland received a letter last week from "Tommy," of Japanese notoriety. "Tommy" sends some flowers and toys for Leland's children, and asks, in return, for Mr. L.'s likeness. "Tommy" is sorry for the war that exists here, in regard to which he says: "I was very sorry to hear that you have very bad trouble at home, but hoping the government will soon put rebels down."

—The Messrs. Leland, of Union Hall, are contemplating the erection of an opera house at Saratoga Springs, to be in readiness for use next season. The design is to make it a large and imposing structure, complete in every respect, and worthy the approbation and support of the crowds of pleasure-seekers who throng Saratoga during the summer.

—Miss Major Pauline Cushman is receiving considerable attention in Boston. The *Transcript*, in mentioning the lady, remarks that, during one of her

recitals, she appealed to the young men to come forward, and said she would prove her sincerity in the cause by receiving their names and leading them to the field, as her rank would entitle her to do.

Obituary.—The oldest inhabitant of Woburn, Mass., died in that town on the 17th July. Jesse Converse was his name, and he was 99 years and five months old. He was 10 years old at the battle of Lexington, and remembered the scene well.

—The Atlanta *Rebel* says: "One Henry Tracey, a citizen of Hancock county, East Tennessee, died on the 18th of April. He was about 46 years of age, six feet six inches high, and weighed over 600 pounds. For many years previous to his death he had not left his home. His health was generally good; he was very talkative, and fond of company. A great many persons visited him from curiosity. In his young days he excelled all his schoolmates in running, jumping, etc. He leaves a wife and two children."

Accidents and Offences.—There is no law in this country against child desertion. In England and France, where there are foundling hospitals properly incorporated and conducted, they have also severe laws against infant abandonment. Here, in the cities of New York and Boston, cases of child-desertion are so frequent, on the average, as four in the week, and this count does not include instances of discovered infanticide. All that benevolent exertion and judicial repression can accomplish is needed to check this unnatural crime.

—On the 19th ult. a party of five young ladies and three young gentlemen started out from Mayville, at the head of Chautauque Lake, for a moonlight sail. The boat was rapidly filling and sinking. Only one of the party was able to swim, and he, after charging the others to remain in the boat till he could swim ashore, only 20 rods distant, and get a boat for their rescue, jumped into the water. The others sprang after him in their terror, and three of the young ladies were drowned. Their bodies were recovered the next day.

—On the 21st July a 3d Avenue car ran into a Bowery stage in Chatham street and overturned it, seriously hurting several of the passengers.

—Mr. Williamson, of the *Sunday Dispatch*, still remains in custody for refusing to deliver up the books and papers of the Tax Commissioners.

—The Canada papers contain accounts of very disastrous fires in the woods in various places throughout the country. Many cattle have perished in the flames, and in some vicinities the conflagrations are extending so as to become alarming.

—A fire broke out in Nixon's mills and the extensive paper manufactory at Mansyunk, Philadelphia, on the 20th July. The main building and straw departments were destroyed. The southern portion of the mills used for the manufacture of pulp was partially saved. The destruction of these mills is a serious loss, as several newspaper establishments and book publishers relied upon them for supplies of paper. The loss of Nixon is estimated at \$150,000; insurance, \$70,000. Ring & Brother, woolen yarn-spinners, lose \$24,000. The total loss will amount to \$290,000.

—The dwelling-house of Capt. John A. Winslow (captain of the *Kearsarge*), in Roxbury, Mass., was entered on the 17th July, about one o'clock, by a raiding burglar. The son of the captain awoke and found the burglar searching his parlors. The robber fled without securing any plunder.

Art, Literature and Science.—That excellent literary journal, the *Round Table*, has been discontinued, owing to the enormous price of paper and everything else connected with printing. It dies with a very good reputation.

—Mosenthal's famous drama, "Der Sonnenwendhof," has produced a prolonged sensation in Hamburg.

—Twenty new French operas will be given this season at Baden, four of them having been expressly written for that place.

—The receipts of the Paris theatres, from April, 1863, to March, 1864, were 12,991,000 francs. The authors' nights, during the same period, were 6,335,000 francs.

—Among the archives of Dresden Dr. von Weber recently discovered a mass of unsigned letters, in the autograph of the celebrated Marshal Saxe, addressed to Augustus III., his half-brother, the Marshal being the natural son of Frederick Augustus II., King of Poland and Elector of Saxony. These letters, of which he has printed a selection in one volume, are full of Paris court scandal and gossip, give a most lively and amusing picture of the time, and place many of the puppets of the court of Louis XV. in a most ridiculous light.

Foreign.—The Turkish flag is to be altered. Instead of the red ground and white crescent as heretofore, the colors are green ground with a red ball in the centre, in the middle of which will be a white crescent.

—It is reported that the heiress to the Brazilian throne is likely to marry the Austrian Archduke, Louis Victor. If this happens, the Hapsburg family will number three emperors.

—Letters from Sweden continue to mention the great success of Signor Severini, the new tenor of the Stockholm Opera House. So great, we are told, has been the attraction of "Il Trovatore," that the opera has been played almost without intermission since March.

—It is a remarkable fact that one-fifth of the whole number of criminals in Newgate prison, London, are supplied from the General Post Office.

—They not only have cheap postage in England, but they have established, and now have in active operation, a "Penny Parcel Delivery Company." What do our expressmen say to that?

—The Hippodrome, in Paris, has got an aristocratic acrobatic attraction in the person of a Persian prince, who performs on the *trapeze*. The condescension of this great man in descending to sawdust even awes the French, who are not always inclined to do homage.

—A Mlle. P., in Paris, advertises a salve for the production of a slight down on the lips of ladies, a little moustache, so great is the favor the hair on the upper lip of women is received with in France. We remember a picture by Van Enning of Adam and Eve, in which Eve is painted with a pretty little beard and moustache. The ladies of the present day have perhaps become more effeminate than their ancestors, and Van Enning might have been warranted by tradition in his portrait of Eve.

—Some statistics of the Morgue, the Parisian dead-house, in which all bodies of unknown persons are exposed for three days for recognition, have just been published. They embrace a period of ten years, during which time 3,334 persons (of whom 2,331 were males) have been brought in; 493 of these were newly-born infants; seven-eighths of the whole were identified; 1,244 were between 20 and 40 years of age. The total number of suicides was 1,706, of which 1,414 were by drowning, 114 by hanging, 96 by firearms, 56 with the fumes of charcoal, 46 by leaping from high buildings, 16 by sharp instruments, 11 by poison, 7 by turning themselves under wheels, 3 by brandy and other spirits. The causes of these suicides are given as follows: Insanity, 233; drunkenness, 84; want; 75; pecuniary embarrassment, 63; disappointed love, 62; domestic troubles, 59; delirium tremens, 23.

Oddes and Ends.—It is stated by reliable persons that on the 9th, 10th and 11th of July Washington could have been captured by the rebels if they had shown their usual dash.

—Boots are said to have been invented by the Carians. They were at first made of leather, afterwards of brass and iron, and were proof against both cut and thrust. It was from this that Homer called the Greeks brass-footed. Formerly, in France, a great foot was much esteemed, and the length of the shoe in the 14th century was a mark of distinction. The shoes of a prince were two feet and a half long; those of a baron two feet; those of a knight 18 inches long.

—Miss Kate Estelle, lessee and manageress of the Petersburg theatre, announces that, as the actors in her company have been sent by the Government to the

trenches, the performances are for the present suspended.

—The last surviving issue of Benedict Arnold was his son, William Fitz Arnold, who was a magistrate in Bucks county, England, and the father of six children. Nothing directly has been heard of him since 1859, but it is supposed that he is still living.

—A girl, 17 years of age, came from Mahaska to Knoxville, Iowa, a few days since, in order to procure a marriage licence, and that she might take the oath with a clear conscience (?) she placed in her shoes a strip of paper on which was written the number 18, so that she could swear she was over 18, by which means she secured her licence, was forthwith joined to her lover, and returned to her home.

—A family in Michigan actually named a child Finis, supposing that it would be their last; but they afterwards happened to have a daughter and two sons, whom they called Addenda, Appendix and Supplement.

—Somebody has discovered that none of Meyerbeer's airs have ever been played on the hand organ.

—Martel, the inventor of cognac brandy, is dead. "The evil that men do lives after them."

—The price of newspapers in London during the French wars was 14 cents each.

—Some funny fellows in New Orleans the other day armed a cushion with a masked battery of upright pine, and induced a young man to sit down on it, pressing him while he cried with pain to keep his seat. For this playful and amusing act the chief of the conspirators paid \$75, the others \$25.

—A Miss Olympia Brown has been installed as pastor of the Universalist church at Weymouth, Mass.

CHIT-CHAT WITH THE LADIES.

Keep Them at Home.

ANOTHER draft, and of course more volunteering; more of our best, and bravest, and handsomest marching away, perhaps to death in rebel prisons. If the men of this nation cannot put a stop to the war, we women must contrive some way to do it. Laugh if you like; but we are all to band together, we could accomplish our end. Do you suppose there is a man in this world over whom some woman has not the strongest influence? If you do, you are mistaken. Every statesman, every soldier, officer or private, has some mother, wife, sister or sweetheart whose word is secretly—for they won't own it—law to him. Even old uncle Abe is probably under the dominion of Queen Mary; if not, some other feminine holds the reins, take my word for it. We women have only to say, *en masse*, "this fighting shall stop," and it is over. For our own part we think, looking at the widows and orphans, and childless mothers, and at the poor brave fellows maimed for life, and the soldiers' funerals, passed so often in our streets, that, instead of emulating the Roman matrons, who were strong-minded old frights, from whom descended the Bloomers, and saying to our sons, brothers, husbands and grandfathers, "Return with thy shield or upon it," etc., etc., we women should cry "Peace! peace!" until there is peace. And, moreover, the Rev. Mr. Creamcheese and his brethren ought to help us. We for one are prepared to hold our masculine friends by the coat-tails, to go into strong hysterics, to hide them in the stationary wash-tubs, and to make false statements as to their birthdays when the enrolling officer comes around—to do anything, in fact, to save any friend of ours from becoming a rebel target, instead of roving, as so many ladies do, that we are ready at any moment to sacrifice our relatives for the good of the country.

Unprotected Females.

There is another reason why we cannot let the gentlemen all speak at once when so many thousand men are called for. What are we to do without them? Women enjoy more liberty in this dis-Union than they do in Turkey, of course. Writers always boast of that, but we haven't many privileges after all. Ten of the smartest and strongest of our sex may be protected by one mean specimen of the opposite sex, who would run if any one cried "Boo!" to him. He—on the strength of his stovepipe hat, we presume—having the power to conduct them to places of amusement, through the streets after dark, etc., etc. It is particularly unjust—just as bad, and done in the same spirit, as the veiling of Oriental women.

If Mr. Smith will spend his evenings where he can smoke and drink to his heart's content, society should not compel Mrs. Smith to remain solus, darning hose, but without any fear of blemishing her reputation she should be permitted to take her children to the theatre, or trot around the corner to see some acquaintance after nine o'clock at night. Miss Sue, because she is a spinster of 40, too ugly to have even an elderly beau, should not be compelled to be a prisoner after dusk; she should be able to go to the opera, and saunter home at 12, without fear of being "spoken to."

Remember, we are not strong-minded. It is much pleasanter to have a beau, a husband if you are married, or even a bearish brother along with you. But if a poor, unhappy woman has no pair of coat-cuffs belonging to her, she should not be debarred from everything else, as she is at present in consequence.

All that is permitted us is to run home from church at nine on Sunday nights, anything else Mr. Grundy votes. Do you wonder we want to keep our masculine friends from the war?

Help Yourself.

Help yourself in this world, for unless you are one of the lucky ones no one will do it for you. Keep your anxieties and your griefs and your little aches and pains as much to yourself as possible. If you can, never let any one see you cry, never let any one do more than guess that you are not content and properous.

This is a selfish world; people are too full of their own troubles to take an interest in those of others, save as they affect themselves.

They do not want to sympathize; the being who always shows a smiling countenance and a full purse is always most welcome.

Understand that, and expect nothing else, particularly if you are a woman. A pretty face, coquettish dress and bright eyes will win your way with men, who turn their backs on sallow cheeks and shabby black.

If you are in business, and if you are a business woman—you deserve pity, don't expect any. You'll be cheated, of course; you will always have the worst of a bargain (that of course also), and if you fail some one will be on hand to cry:

"Served her right; women have no business to enter the lists with us."

Again I say, particularly if you are a woman, and forced by circumstances to take part in the money-making battle of life, help yourself, and don't expect any one to help you.

Spiritual Rappings.

In these degenerate days you are never quite sure who is a witch and who is not one. The lady who gables to you of new bonnets and ribbons during a morning call may belong to a private "circle," who wouldn't have the matter leak out for all the world amongst

strangers, and may the night before have served as a medium for Napoleon Bonaparte or Julius Caesar. The young gentleman in the next pew in church may be in the habit of indulging in trances, and may have visited Saturn the day before yesterday, and met with Washington there. The old man who serves your milk has a grand-daughter who can make an extension-table tip, and a son who, in the dark, can untie any knots or collars made about his person by the clothe-line.

Spiritualism has apparently entered most dwellings, and one at least of nearly every large family has a knowledge of the most absurd phenomena, which have no apparent purpose, and which, if acknowledged to be absolutely the work of spirits, would lead us to believe our departed friends, and those whose memory we have hitherto venerated, to have become insane after parting with their earthly bodies. We are half inclined to acquiesce with the verdict of all orthodox country clergymen, and say, "It is the work of the Evil One, who is abroad upon the earth."

Old Ladies.

Is there anything prettier than a pretty old lady? I think not. Talk about sixteen when sixty is charming; sixteen is nowhere.

The soft white hair, the pinky cheeks, the plump chin, the good bright eyes of some old ladies are the fairest pictures possible. And there is this in it also—only a good old lady can be pretty. Bad temper and every fault and vice to which womanhood is subject is marked plainly about the mouth and eyes, and on the forehead. Of course grief and ill-health make their marks also. But you may be assured that a pretty old lady, with a pleasant smile, has been a good daughter, wife and mother in her day, or one of those inestimable single sisters, who have no fear of the appellation "old maid," but do all the good they can, and are content and pleasant without a wedding-ring and short hose to darn.

When I am rich I will have a gallery of pretty old ladies' portraits, and spend my leisure moments looking at them and saying: "Who can dread age with these for examples?"

THE HUMAN FIGURE.—The proportions of the human figure are strictly mathematical. The whole figure is six times the length of the foot. Whether the form be slender or plump, the rule holds good; any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty of proportion. The Greeks make all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point on the forehead, where the hair begins, to the chin, is one-tenth of the whole stature. The hand, from the wrist to the middle finger, is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point of the forehead is a seventh. If the length of the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the place where the eyebrows meet, and the second, the place of the nostrils. The height from the feet to the top of the head is the same as the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the arms are extended.

KNABE & CO.'S PIANOFORTE MANUFACTORY, Baltimore, Maryland.

THE energy and enterprise of her citizens have, within the last few years, wonderfully developed the resources and added to the wealth and importance of the fair city of Baltimore. As a manufacturing city it has taken a high rank, so that, in certain departments, it stands among the first. Witness its extensive rolling mills, its vast and perfect machine-shops, its ample and busy shipyards, &c. Since the war the population of Baltimore has vastly increased; thousands upon thousands of people have been attracted there by the new avenues of industry and trade which have been opened up within but a very brief space of time, so that the city may be said to be in a most flourishing and prosperous condition. The loss of the southern trade for a time completely paralysed the people; business was at a standstill; ruin apparently stared them in the face, but with indomitable energy they commenced the work of resuscitation, and soon found new channels for the prosecution of a trade, which speedily sprang up into grand proportions, not only with the Western but the Eastern States. So large, indeed, has this trade become that the loss of the commerce with the South, which it was anticipated would bankrupt half the city, is no longer felt, but is replaced by a larger and more healthy trade.

As with us, despite the war, the piano trade has vastly increased. Those who before were making but 12 pianos per week now make 20; while those who then made 20 are now making and selling from 35 to 40. Knabe & Co.'s pianoforte manufactory is undoubtedly one of the largest in the States. The main factory (No. 1), is situated on the corner of Eutaw and West streets, and with the lumber yards attached, occupies nearly two entire blocks. The main building is five stories high, 95 feet front by 45 feet deep, with a one storey boiler and engine-house, 30 by 45. The other building is four stories high, with a frontage of 110 by a depth of 30 feet. It has two wings, one front and one back, each of 30 by 50 feet, the two buildings being connected by a bridge over the street approaching them. The boiler-house contains two large boilers for driving the engine and for heating both buildings, and the drying rooms, by means of steam-pipes, which run to all parts of the establishment. These pipes laid out in length would make a line of several miles. It contains, also, one of the most beautiful and perfect engines in the country, of about 35 horse-power. This engine took the first premium at the exhibition of the Maryland Institute.

The first floor of the main building is occupied by the heavier machinery, such as two large planing machines, machines for jointing, different circular saws, and saws for scroll work, with lathes and drills, etc., etc. The second, third and fourth floors are appropriated for both ton and case-making. Here, also, are many pieces of costly and ingenious machinery. All the transportation from one floor to the other is accomplished by steam elevators. From the case-making room the shells of the instruments are taken to the third floor of the smaller building, where the sounding boards are put in; thence to the varnish-rooms, which occupy the entire of the fourth story. Thence again to the fifth floor of the larger building, where they receive the legs and the varnishing is rubbed down, when the instruments are ready to be taken to the finishing department.

The second floor of the smaller building is occupied by the Top-makers and the Grand Piano case-makers; while the first floor, with the exception of the store-room in the front wing, is used entirely as a drying-room for lumber, of which there are continually upwards of two hundred thousand feet, kept subject to a heat of over 140 degrees. In the lumber yards adjoining the buildings the stock of lumber is never less than one million of feet, undergoing a thorough seasoning by every change of weather, before being placed in the drying-room.

From the factory last named the pianos are taken to the finishing department, occupying the upper floors of the building (No. 3). Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 5



WM. KNABE & CO.'S PIANO MANUFACTORY, BALTIMORE—FINISHING DEPARTMENT AND OFFICES, NOS. 1, 3, 5 AND 7 NORTH EUTAW STREET.

the counting-room and regulating-rooms; and the first floor of No. 350 Baltimore street contains—besides the store-room, where there is continually kept a large stock of all sorts of hardware, such as ivory, wire, felt and other small materials used—the commodious and splendid ware-rooms, decidedly the finest in the city.

More than 300 men are constantly employed in this factory, and these turn out over thirty pianos per week, and so great has been the demand and the popularity of these instruments, that Knabe & Co. contemplate making important additions to their already extensive factories, in order to enable them to keep up with their orders.

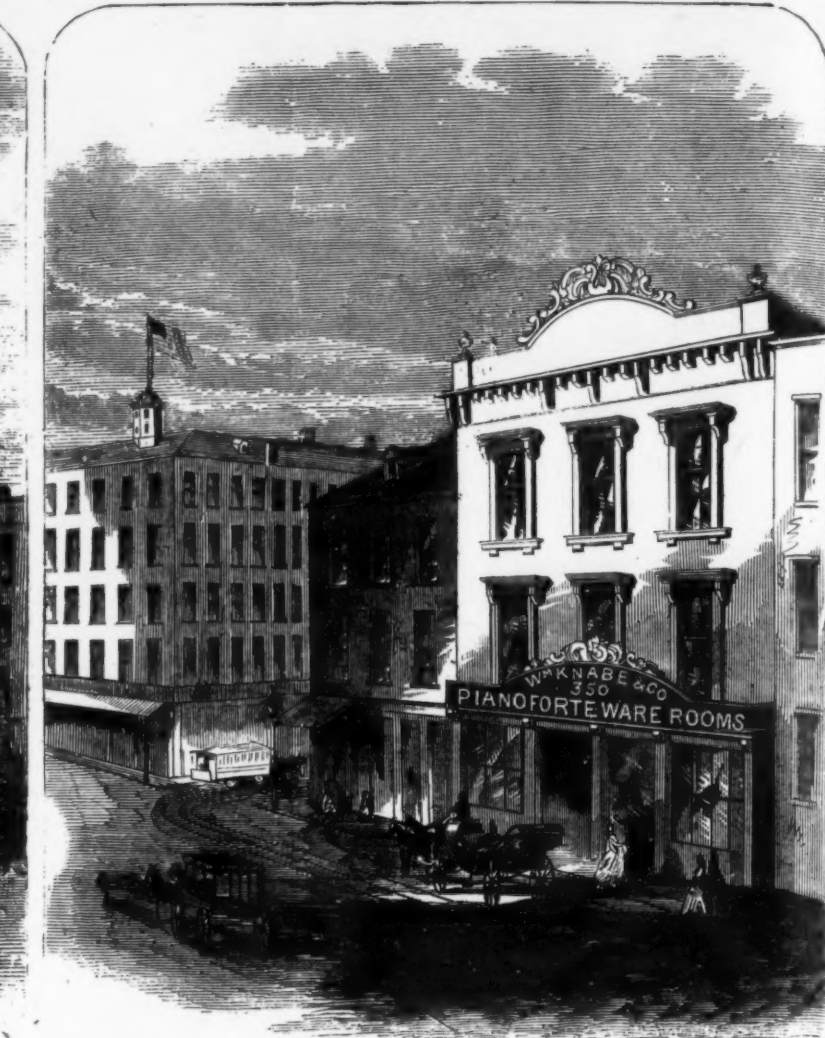
The house of Knabe & Co. is one of the oldest and most celebrated in the United States. Its reputation has not been made only upon its squares, although, of course, the largest number of that class of instruments is sold; the Grand Pianos of this firm have helped to establish that reputation, and place the firm in a first-class position before the world. Their Upright Pianos are also admirable in point of tone, touch and finish. It will thus be seen that Knabe & Co. manufacture all classes of pianofortes, a fact which can only be stated of

the greatest manufacturers of the country. The business of Knabe & Co. is indeed enormous, and is only equalled by that of two other firms in America. Their pianos circulate not only in America, Canada and South America, but also in Europe, their fame having been carried there by the great pianists who have visited this country.

In America the pianos of Wm. Knabe & Co. have received all the honors that could be bestowed upon them. Wherever they have been exhibited, they have invariably carried away the gold medal over all competitors. The first European and resident pianists have thoroughly tried and tested their various styles of instruments, and have voluntarily accorded them their unqualified approbation, and have given to the firm the most valuable certificates of their opinion, a few of which we subjoin:

Testimonial from Thalberg.

"I have great pleasure in certifying that I have tried your Square Pianos, and find them equal, if not superior, to any in this country. Among their great qualities, which distinguish them, is the evenness of tone, the agreeable and easy touch, and volume of tone. Wishing



WM. KNABE & CO.'S PIANO MANUFACTORY, BALTIMORE—WARE-ROOMS, NO. 350 WEST BALTIMORE STREET.

you all the success you so highly deserve, I am, sir, yours very truly,

Testimonial from Gottschalk.

"After having played on the Piano of Messrs. Knabe & Co., it is impossible not to bear testimony to their qualities, which have acquired for them the eminent reputation which they enjoy. The Pianos of their manufacture, on which I have played, are exceedingly remarkable for their qualities of tone. The bass is powerful, without harshness, and the upper notes sweet, clear and harmoniously mellow (chrysalin), and I do not hesitate to express in regard to these instruments my entire satisfaction, and to declare that they are equal, if not superior, to the best manufactured in Europe or this country by the most celebrated makers.

Signed, L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

Testimonial from Gustave Satter.

"Though not personally acquainted with you, it affords me much pleasure to make you a communication, which, as a strict friend of justice and candor, I cannot withhold from you. On a recent visit to Philadelphia, I

had the pleasure of performing on one of your pianos, and to my astonishment, I found it in every particular a most excellent one, and your name has, since that time, been fresh in my memory.

With much esteem, yours,

G. SATTER.

Testimonial from Maurice Strakosck.

"I cannot but congratulate you upon the immense progress and improvements which you continually make on your pianos, which, in my opinion, rank among the very best in the country."

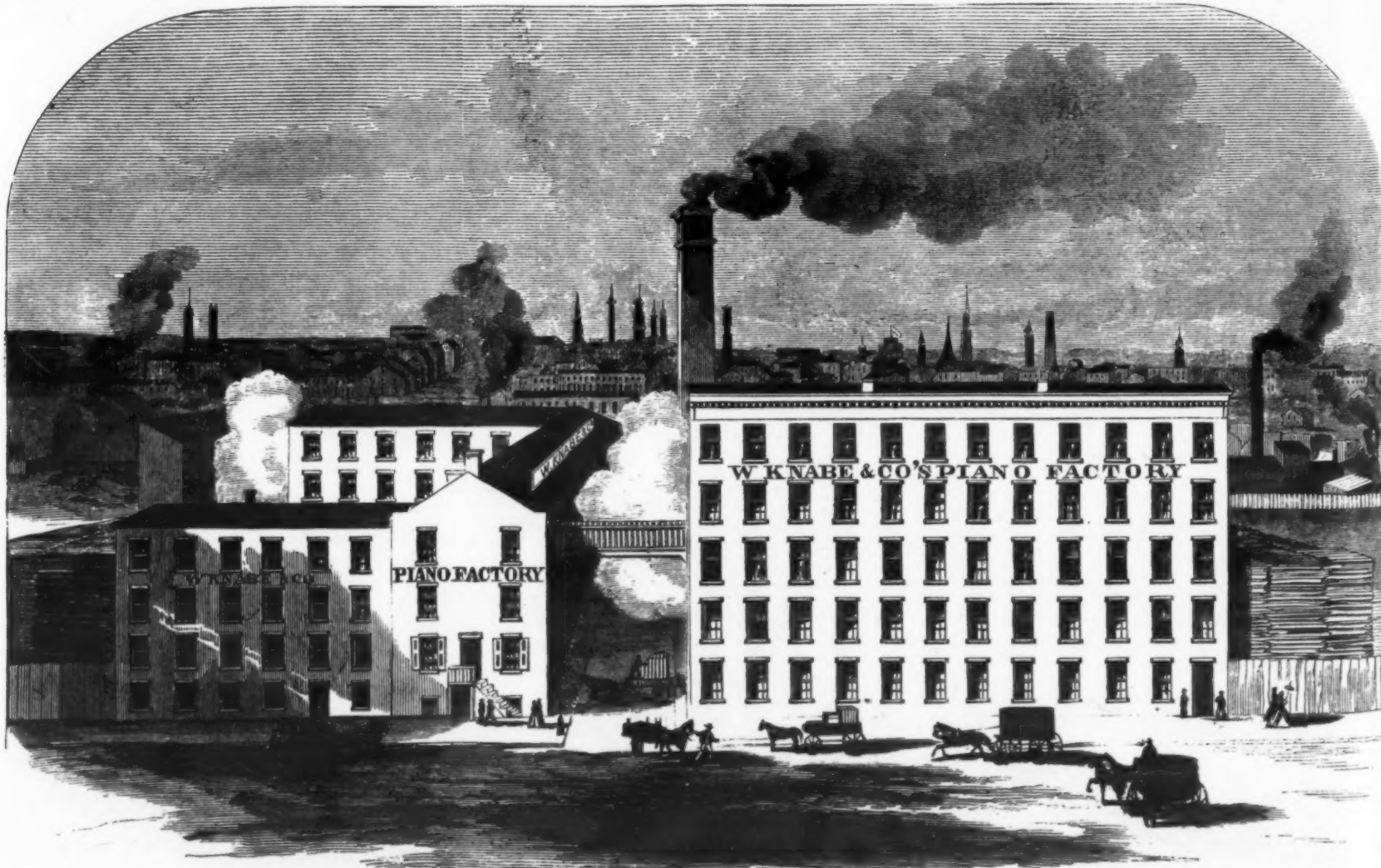
M. STRAKOSCK.

Testimonial from Henri Vieuxtemps.

"I was delighted on hearing the clear and full tone of your really first-class Pianos, and I congratulate you on the progress you have made in this branch of art."

"H. VIEUXTEMPS."

Opinions such as the above, from gentlemen so eminent as artists, are so conclusive of the merits of the pianos manufactured by Knabe & Co., that they leave us nothing to say, so that we can only endorse them.



WM. KNABE & CO.'S PIANO MANUFACTORY, BALTIMORE—FACTORY CORNER OF EUTAW AND WEST STREETS.

THE STORY OF THE LIGHTNING.

'Tis summer eve beneath the shivering lindens,

The soft warm air
Sways the green branches to and fro, as gently
As childhood's prayer.

The sheeted lightning in the heavens blazing,
Cleaves clouds in twain;
Flash following flash, till darkness
Seems almost vain.

Fire leaps from cloud to cloud, and the horizon
Is all alight,
As if the skies had opened, that the angels
Might beat back night.

And as they part, quicker than thought can
travel,

It seems almost
That living lightning leaped from the artillery
Of a mysterious host.

And that beyond the iron frontier
Of all that's real,
Light chased darkness through the shadowy
cloudland
Of the ideal.

There is a cloudland also in reality,
Where night and day
Ever encounter in mysterious armor
For sovereign sway.

When good and evil meet, and clash within us
In heart and brain,
When sorrow seems to gather ever o'er us,
And hope is vain.

When the will that would work is stricken
powerless,
And friendship's smile
Is like the mockery of a crimson sunset
On snow awhile.

'Tis bright but warms not; and the deep'ning
shadows
Of gathering night
Drop down, and leave the wanderer cold and
frozen
On fields of white.



There's many a battle in our shadowy cloud-
land

Of Heart and Brain,
When Might makes Right, and Right sits, worn
and listless,
Moaning with pain.

There's many a battle in the shadowy cloud-
land
When tiny feet
Tramp for the first time, houseless and forlorn,
Adown the street.

When little blue eyes, wondering at the stars
That shine o'erhead,
Ask sobbing from a weary half-starved father
A piece of bread.

And many a one is fought around the dying
For thirst of gold,
In hearts that grasp at purses or possessions
Ere the clay's cold.

When solemn deathbeds seem at best but
gullies,
Where miner's hands
May jostle with each other in the plunder
Of golden sands.

And there are many battles that do almost
Nature convulse,
Fought between good and evil, with the
weapons
Of wild impulse.

When reckless, heedless passion's dread re-
bellion
Breaks reason's sway,
And tender ties are severed in a moment,
Or flung away.



WILLIAM P. FESSENDEN, OF MAINE, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 315.

But in our cloudland, if there's sometimes
darkness,

There's also light,
Legions of angels minister to those who
Strive to do right,

If we but lift our arms, and not sit idly
Nursing Despair,
But work with hands and brain until its phan-
toms
Vanish in air.

So underneath the shivering German lindens
I close my eyes,
To dream again this story of the lightning
Up in the skies.

The Flower of the Family.

DR. THORNE, of Thornedale, was known all over the county. The black horse, driven at a rapid pace, and the shabby chaise, with the torn blue lining, would have been recognised anywhere within twenty miles of the village. The doctor's person and notions were alike unmistakable and familiar. A gray overcoat, worn with eccentric impartiality summer and winter, a soft otterskin cap—there was an alternative at home in the shape of a brown Leghorn—a tall figure, slightly drooping shoulders, a genial face, keen, kindly blue eyes, these were the externals of Dr. Thorne.

His medicines were most definitely known by their real or supposed results. In theory the doctor was high allopathic; in practice, eclectic.



"What shall I do?"

If heretical, it was certainly effective. If a patient declined to recover under his care, it must be wilful indocility, not by any means the doctor's fault.

It was this singular fatality in his practice that made Dr. Thorne and his horse and chaise known far and wide. People on the outer margin of his parish knew very little about Thornedale. There was a vague impression that it was an outcome of the doctor's exuberant personality, and existed by his sufferance, which was a very great mistake indeed. Thornedale was a positive fact in itself, having a stubborn individuality of its own.

In its earlier days it had borne some foolish classical name, but later the Thornes acquired an ascendancy, and Squire Thorne having bequeathed a legacy for the endowment of an academy, the town petitioned the Legislature for leave to change its title to the more euphonious one of Thornedale, a proceeding, however, that met strenuous opposition from that part of the community which considered itself specially called to resist every innovation—to serve as a sort of tide wall, against which the advancing wave of progress may dash and break itself in vain—a class of persons abundant everywhere, and useful when barriers are necessary, but very embarrassing and disagreeable when it becomes desirable to remove them. The village lay in a green hollow. Smooth fields sloped down to the small stream which sang along the valley, wide meadows full of flowers and rich in luxuriant grasses ran out between the hills, a picturesque bridge spanned the river, and old elms leaned over and caressed the flowing water.



The Blacksmith speaks too late.

It was a place for a poet to dream in and for an artist to long to see upon canvas, if poets and artists had been indigenous productions of the valley, as they were not.

Ethetics stood a small chance in that hard-working, practical, matter-of-fact community. In religion, Puritan; in politics, conservative. It might not have been easy to define the belief, but that was of no consequence, since it was all written down in the books in charge of the deacons. It was enough that it made them upright and steadfast. But in Thorne's conservatism did not mean clinging for ever to the remains of a defunct party, or destroying the country in order to save the Constitution; the Declaration of Independence was not become a glittering generality, it was the embodiment of a principle, splendid and incontrovertible, to be maintained by the sacrifice of life if need be.

So the obscure little town slept, quite unaware of the new ideas that were shaking the world abroad, patronised the stagecoach, and received weekly papers from the metropolis; and so it might have done till the end of the century had not one of those restless Yankee vandals, who are continually improving upon nature and turning things to account, found his way into it.

His quick eye detected the capacities of the little stream, and his fertile brain devised a way to win a fortune. And so the innocent river was set to work, a mill was placed upon its brink and great wheels were put in motion. No more idle singing away the summer days under the elms, no more loitering under the mossy arches of the bridge. Shut in by ponderous gates and hemmed in by masonry, the river was made to do its part in the world's work.

In former times the Thornes had been wealthy as well as influential, but in the doctor's day the family fortune was much diminished. He caught eagerly at the suggestion that he should take a share in the mill, and by-and-bye he had purchased the entire property, and was sole owner. Streets of small houses sprang up around the river, laborers went in and out at the red brick mill, the buzz of machinery was heard all day long, and presently the people became aware that Dr. Thorne was fast accumulating a fortune.

But still he went his rounds; the black horse and shabby chaise were as ubiquitous as ever.

Just at this hour the equipage is standing before the door of a farmhouse five miles away, and in the spacious dining-room at home the doctor's family are waiting for him to come to tea.

The sun shines into the room, playing about the polished tea-service, quivering among the fuchsias and verbenas in the windows, and crowning Bell's bright head like a glory. The room is full of light; the great, cheery fire on the hearth, leaping up in broad sheets of flame, and the red splendor of the sun shining in with greater brightness. But at last the sun withdrew in discomfort, a few faint gleams hovered about the distant mountain tops, and then twilight, gray and soft, settled down upon the valley.

Miss Lucy, the doctor's sister, and his housekeeper for these ten years past, put up her sewing and began to knit—she was always knitting when she was not sewing. It was an axiom of hers that not a moment should be allowed to pass unimproved, a principle she had endeavored, with indifferent success, to impress upon the doctor's daughters.

There were three of them—Helen, Susie and Bell. Helen was blonde, beautiful and stately; Susie was pretty and piquant, full of charming, saucy ways; but Bell—as everybody knew and as everybody took occasion to say when the Thornes were in question—Bell was the flower of the family. Bell, who stood looking into the gray dimness out of doors, her brown eyes dreamy and soft, and the delicate curves of her face white and still as marble, was sure to make a brilliant match and cover her father's name with honor. Bell was supposed to be watching for the appearance of the chaise around the corner, but I doubt if she would have known it had it crossed her vision at that moment.

Under the window lay the garden, half buried in russet leaves, a few late asters along the borders, and some tall chrysanthemums persistent in white and gold. Just over the way was the mill, its many windows alight, and indistinct figures fitting across them. Farther on were the houses of the operatives, the shops and the market. The aristocratic part of the town lay along the hillside, overlooking the busy village in some disdain, and climbing up the long, green slopes, that finally became wide fields, the real country at last. The road wound steeply to the top, and all along its margin were pretty rural homes. In that high, square house lived the Rev. Mr. Fossil, the incumbent of the first parish, and just opposite, confronting him in position, as he did in theology, was the parsonage where young Mr. Broadchurch lived in lonely bachelorhood, both the exponents of a living faith that chose to manifest itself in different forms.

The handsome balconied house, pretentious in style and florid in architecture, was the property of the Beverleys, a rich, city family, at present domiciled in their winter residence in Madison square. A little beyond was the quaint, antique place where the Livingstons had dwelt from time immemorial, always proud, and now poor, represented by a young man just out of the law school and looking about for an eligible opening.

It is quite certain that Bell could not see the queer, old-fashioned gables of the mansion with her soft brown eyes; equally sure that she did see them with that keen, interior vision, which has the power of annihilating space and setting walls and other opaque objects at defiance. While she looked the sweet days of the summer just past came back very vivid and real, days made glorious by love and hope.

In his stay at home that summer, Ward Livingston, fresh from his professional studies and the seclusion of college walls, threw himself into village society with genial abandon. He became

a habitué of Dr. Thorne's house, and naturally enough fell in love with Bell. He was brilliant and ambitious, susceptible to the charms of womanly sweetness and beauty, and not without generous and kindly impulses. Everybody said it would be a splendid match. The doctor acquiesced with great secret satisfaction, and the lovers themselves floated down the fairy stream with perfect confidence in each other. There was, perhaps, a little calculation in Ward Livingston's mind; not that he would have married for money, but, since Bell was beautiful and lovable, it was not treason to be glad that she was rich as well. What he would have done had Dr. Thorne been poor it was not necessary to consider. He could not be in-sensible to the advantage that Bell's fortune would give him. He was glad to be spared excessive toil and the pinches of poverty, for all such things were distasteful to him. It was fortunate that Bell was not a poor man's daughter. And yet Ward was very much in love with her.

While Bell was looking out of the window and thinking of her lover, a light burst out from the large open building near the mill. It was the forge fire. A red flame shot up, a shower of sparks flew about, and presently were heard the blows of the ponderous hammer.

A stalwart figure came into the light. It was not graceful or elegant, more strong than symmetrical, in no respect of a character to please a young girl's eye or win her fancy. Yet it compelled Bell's attention and put Ward Livingston out of her thoughts, until a footfall on the garden walk aroused her, the bell was rung impatiently, and Bell sprang forward to meet him.

"Don't go yet, Ward," said Bell's gentle voice. He had no wish to go. He never wanted to miss that sweet presence again. Sybarite as he was, he could have spent his life at her side in idle romancing and half-whispered talk. But the train was just about leaving, and he was going to the city, where he had opened an office. He must wait there for business. But that need not delay their marriage, since there was not poverty to keep them apart.

And so he had won a shy permission to return for her at Christmas. Dr. Thorne graciously assented, and Helen and Susie were in the dining-room talking about bridal dresses, and should there be a reception, and would not Bell be a beautiful bride?

The inexorable minutes brought the hour for the railway train.

"And now, indeed, I must go, dear!"

Bell's eyes were hid by the sweeping lashes, a tear or two stole into sight, and now, with a great sob, she clung to him in a passion of tender pain.

"I cannot bear to have you go," she cried.

Bell, the shy, wayward girl, whose love he had first guessed and never won to a full confession, forgot her maidenly shame, and her heart overflowed in words that thrilled him. He never forgot them, never forgot the touch of her clinging hands and the pathos in her voice, though there came a time when he would have been glad to shake off the remembrance. He would love her for ever, he said. The words were a solemn vow. He meant them to be such. All that was best in him was fully awake. At that moment he was just what Bell believed him to be.

Ten minutes afterwards, when he passed the blacksmith's shop on his way to the station, he wished that Stephen Blair were not standing in front of his forge, where he must speak to him. Stephen was an honest fellow, and he would not go by an old playmate without a pleasant word, but now there were tears in his eyes, and Bell's voice, her ways, her beauty and graces, and the knowledge of her love for him filled his mind, and he did not want to take his thoughts away from her. As he came abreast of the shop door, Stephen walked away without once looking at him.

"There goes Miss Bell's sweetheart, no doubt," said one of the smutty workmen, between his blouse upon the anvil. "Eh, Stephen?"

"No doubt," echoed Stephen.

"'Twill be a fine match. The old squire's son's a handsome lad, and Miss Bell's the flower of the doctor's family."

"The flower of the family," muttered Stephen.

"Do you know will they be married soon?" persisted the man.

Would he never be still? Stephen turned abruptly and angrily, and went into another part of the building. It was where the machinery of the mill was sent for repair, and it had the grimy look of the shop without its picturesque forge fire.

A window looked upon the river. Over the bridge was the railway station, and just below the small cottage where Stephen's mother kept house for him.

He crossed his brown, stout arms upon the sill and looked after Ward Livingston. There he was walking up and down the platform—slight, elegant, polished. Stephen looked scornfully at his own brawny limbs.

"A pretty figure to win a girl's love," he muttered. "Hard, rough hands—coarse dress—and complexion like an Indian! Was there no other girl in the world that I must needs fall in love with her—the delicate fairy? Vulcan and Venus! Pshaw! That was all a fable. Women love what is graceful and poetic. How easy Ward Livingston's motions are! How his dress fits him! Did he ever doubt if she would care for him? Does he worship the very air around her? Fool—that I could ever think I could be anything to her!"

He could have cursed his folly. Stephen Blair was strongly made; grown coarse and dark with labor and exposure; a man of herculean build; with a ponderous brain, a low, massive forehead and blue eyes—looking out from overhanging brows—that gave to his face whatever beauty it had, with their shifting lights, their evanescent softness and tender longing, perpetually contradicting his burly figure and massive features. Presently the train went out. He took his straw

hat and went over the bridge into his garden. There was work to be done here—delicate plants to be housed for winter blossoming. He set himself about it. His old mother, pattering about the kitchen preparing his dinner, looked out and saw him. A glow of pride thrilled her heart. Her brave, manly boy! There wasn't another like him in the whole world. How hard he had worked! How hard he had studied! He had as good an education as the minister himself. What was the want of college to such as Stephen? And now he was getting on, and sure to be a rich man one of those days. All because of that queer piece of machinery in the corner.

The November morning was sunny, but the still air was keenly cold. There were little fringes of ice along the edge of the river, and small icicles were pendent from the eaves of Stephen Blair's shop. The music of the waterfall was muffled, and the spray congealed on the walls, and everywhere it was frosty and cold and disheartening. A little figure in gray cloak and fur, and a crimson hood, was coming up the road—in relief against a background of golden sunshine.

Stephen Blair, clearing away the debris of the season's growth from his garden, saw it, and his heart was warmed in a moment as the summer could never have warmed it. Bell was just from the post office.

The hands hidden in the muff clasped a letter from Ward Livingston. She had peeped into it on her way, and half understood, half imagined the drift of the six closely written pages. The world was not gloomy to Bell. The sharp air only made her blood leap faster.

At the end of the walk was the cozy fire in the room, and the long hour alone, in which to read and re-read Ward's letter. Coming to Stephen's gate the rustling in the dry leaves broke in upon the pleasant flow of her thoughts. She stopped to speak to him. Her happiness must have overflowed in her words and eyes, for the simple sentence stirred him almost to tears. He came down to the gate, shifting lights playing over his brown face.

"You are not ill, Stephen?" said Bell, in a little surprise.

"No!" He caught at a stem of clematis that hung over the gate, and crushed it in his strong fingers.

"We never see anything of you now," said Bell, gently. "Why don't you come in as you used to?" She saw that he was in trouble, and had a vague fear that she might have seemed unfriendly of late, knowing that all that summer Ward Livingston had stood between her and the whole world.

"Because—" The sentence came to an abrupt stop.

Bell looked up inquiringly, and then drew back in sudden pain. There was no need of Stephen's stammered words, no need of the tones so saturated with tenderness. But once spoken a feeling of despairing resignation came upon him. He had done what he had a thousand times told himself it would be madness and folly ever to do. And now she knew that he loved her, and he stood waiting for what she would say, his hands clutching the gate, his stalwart form still as stone, the wild tumult that shook him a moment ago hushed, hoping nothing—he had never hoped—and fearing nothing—for had he not always been certain of the worst? In her quiet agitation the gray muff fell to the ground, and Ward's letter slipped out and lay there unheeded. The white hands fluttered a moment, and finally the soft palm rested on Stephen's coarse, brown fingers.

A cloud of tears rose to her eyes.

"Oh! Stephen," she cried, in great pity. "I am so sorry for you. I thought you knew I was promised to Ward."

"I did know it!" It was like an automaton speaking.

All at once Bell saw clearly into the strong nature she had power to move so deeply. There was something there quite new to her, something that Ward's light-hearted, happy love could not have known. She longed to comfort him, but her instincts told her that no comfort could be taken. She could only cry helplessly, and pray for him in her heart. By-and-bye she said:

"I can't forgive myself for grieving you, Stephen. I have always admired you so much—you have had few things to make you happy—and now I must bring you a new sorrow."

He could not help seeing her truth and kindness. He forced himself to speak.

"It is more a joy, Bell. Hopeless as it is, I would not have missed it. God make your life what you could have made mine." He turned away from her, his face white with emotion.

Bell picked up her letter—Stephen could not have touched it for his life—and walked slowly home. The brightness was taken out of the morning. The sunshine all gone out of her heart. She put Ward's letter away. How could she read it now?

That night the forge fires flashed out into the darkness. Bell looked over the way and saw the sparks go out in the frosty air.

"Poor Stephen!"

At noon the next day the church bell rang out in loud and eager appeal. The doves came flying away from the tower with a whirr and chatter, and soft rustle of wings, and settled down upon the deck of the tall liberty pole in the centre of the common.

What could it mean? With many a perk and deft twist of the head, they asked each other the question. For were not the recognised uses of the bell few and familiar? At rare intervals it broke into the sweet, summer silence or pulsed along the dead white wintry stillness in slow measured strokes, telling to all the wide country round that a soul had passed; then the stir in the village street was hushed; the oxen stood still in the furrow, and the ploughman reverently uncovered his head and counted the strokes; the solemn voice stole into farmhouses miles away on the green hillside, and silenced the playful

talk of young girls, and touched the springs of memory of old people; it knelled through the flickering consciousness of the ill and dying, and woke shuddering sobs in those who watched and feared; it took the glory out of the summer and chilled anew the pale winter day.

But these were not the low, slow-beating throbs of sorrow. They burst in loud clangor—they shrieked along the air in mad cries—they rained in swift, sonorous, unintermitting strokes that startled a vague fear in the village people, and it set them running hither and thither with wild questions kindling on their lips.

Some looked from the hill and saw a red flame flash out of the valley.

"The mill is on fire! The mill is on fire!"

Dr. Thorne, visiting his patients three miles off, saw a gray cloud of smoke darken the sky, and instantly turned his horse's head homewards.

Over the hills, rushing through the hollows, tramping along wooded roads, the premonition of danger growing every moment more vivid, nearer the clamor of the bell, more distinct the shouts of the people, and Dr. Thorne at last looked down into the hollow upon the mill—a great furnace of soaring, leaping, seething flame, upon a sea of upturned faces and swelling masses of smoke. He threw himself from the chaise into the crowd. Shrieks of terror and pity rose around him. Figures crossed the windows between sheets of crimson fire. The doctor sprang forward. A dozen hands restrained him. "They're all safe but one," said some one huskily. "See, see!" The mass of people scarcely breathed; nothing was heard except the crackling of the fire-fiend. All eyes were strained in an agony of doubt.

A large, strong man with a childlike-looking girl clinging to his shoulders—everybody knew widow Brown's little girl, who supported her mother by working in the mill—appeared at one of the windows.

"Stephen Blair! God bless him," said the doctor.

A sobbing whisper ran through the crowd.

"The stairs are burnt away!"

People rushed forward with ladders; the fierce flames drove them back.

Stephen hesitated. The fire raged above him; it tossed in red waves under his feet; it made a wall behind him; sharp, hissing tongues leapt out and seared his clothing. A shudder stirred the crowd. Groans and cries arose.

Stephen waved his hands. They fell back.

Only one way, and that must be sought quickly.

A little stronger hold upon the girl in his arms, a moment's bracing his nerves for the leap, a half uttered prayer, and then in the terrible, blinding fear nobody could see—in the agony of dread nobody could hear, till the long exultant shout rang out, and the people cried for joy, and said to each other that both were safe.

Swifter the red flames leapt from wall to wall; more dense the volumes of smoke; more frequent the crash of falling bricks. It was barely possible to save the adjacent buildings; the mill, full of combustible matter, had been past hope from the first.

Dr. Thorne had seen it, and remembered with a pang of self-reproach that he had neglected to renew the insurance, which ran out on the last day of October.

There was nothing to be done but to stand with folded arms, and watch the fire as it swept away the accumulations of years.

At last the long, blue wreaths, that linked rafter to rafter, that festooned the ceilings, and played along the rows of machinery, were quenched in smoke; presently the wall fell in, and the mill was a smouldering ruin.

"Will it be a loss, father?" whispered Bell.

The doctor drew her closer to him with a quick impulse of thankfulness that Bell at least would be spared the pinches of poverty. Helen was strong, and Susie light-hearted, and as for himself, there was a great deal of work left in him yet. So his reply was in a cheerful voice that did not accord with the words:

"A total loss, my dear. I'm poorer now than I was twenty years ago."

When the doctor joined his family at tea-time the room wore its usual pleasant aspect. Bell had a book open before her; Helen was sewing; Susie making tea, and Miss Lucy was knitting. The doctor was slightly irritated. It seemed unnatural and unfeeling that everything should be so bright and gay.

"I believe Lucy would knit if the world was on fire," he thought.

The doctor glanced at her work. Blue and white—technically called "mixed." What became of it all nobody knew. It is certain that blue and white was never worn in the family.

"You know there was no insurance, Lucy," said the doctor, desperately. She knew that well enough, and it would have been a relief if she could have scolded him for his negligence, but the girls impressed it upon her that father was not to be reproached, so she contented herself with an expressive sniff, and refrained from putting any sugar in her tea, because they must now be economical.

They talked over the misfortune by the waning fire.

It was very hard! What would Ward say, thought Bell. She must write to him by to-morrow's mail.

This March day was a foreshadowing of summer; the sunshine was golden; the wild winds were asleep; the blue birds were singing in the elms, and the water rippled pleasantly. Easter was sure to be delightful, and Susie was to be a bride at Easter. The young minister had decided that her sprightliness would be a fit counterpart to his dignity. So the girls sat at work upon the trousseau.

There were clouds of snowy muslin about, airy webs of tulle, almost as unsubstantial as the dewy webs woven over the lips of the grass blades by the spiders. Bell sewed very quietly and

steadily; pale, only for pink flushes that rose suddenly when some one spoke to her.

Upon the hill the young heir of the Livingstons sat alone in what was once the family parlor, meagre enough now. Heir to half a hundred acres of worn-out land; a crazy old house and a barren pride, he said to himself bitterly. He threw more wood upon the fire; it was the only bright thing near him. Out of doors were the mild spring air and the inspiration of the coming summer, but Ward Livingston shut himself up in the bleak house with his black thoughts for company. Black thoughts indeed. They could scarcely have been darker. Three months ago he had heard that Dr. Thorne had lost his fortune. He had crumpled up Bell's dainty letter into a mass of indistinguishable wrinkles, in the first passion of disappointment and regret into which the news had thrown him.

What were they to do now? Of course there could be no wedding at Christmas. Bell would understand that—had said so, indeed—and he needn't sit and dwell upon that, only write and tell her how sorry he was. Which he did. And Bell's reply lay yet unanswered in his portfolio. For what was he to do? Poor little Bell! He said that every day for the first month. He imagined her prematurely old and faded, harassed by the hateful necessity of economy, submitting patiently to the detestable makeshifts of poverty. He thought of himself—poor—burdened with a household; hesitating at a butcher's stall between cheap joints; walking a mile on a rainy day to save sixpence; going to libraries to consult books he could not afford to buy; sitting in the gallery at the theatre; refusing invitations that he could not afford to return, and hoarding stray pennies instead of giving them to beggars. Bah! How he despised it all. Why didn't the old fool of a doctor look after his insurance? why didn't he keep a watch? But what was the good of cursing his folly.

There was no need of snatching down the curtain with a pull that tore off the shabby fringes. Madeline Beverley could not see him at that distance though her window was open, staring at him so impudently. What had brought the Beverleys into the country so early? Did Madeline know he was here? A splendid woman; style, talent, grace and wealth. Did he understand the look which her fine, shallow black eyes flashed out upon him the last time they met? His heart quickened a little at the recollection. But after all Bell was more to his taste—dear little Bell—a thousand times more lovable. If Bell had owned the fortune of the Beverleys, Madeline's eyes would have rained their lightnings upon him in vain. But suppose—just for a moment—that he married Madeline. What then? What but an easy path to the station he coveted, reputation, ease, luxury; he thought of the house in Madison square; its elegant furnishing, its dainty *bijouterie*, its pictures, and the subtle atmosphere of refinement that pervaded it. There was the little note Bell had sent to him a week ago. "Release him from his engagement!" The paper almost burnt his fingers. He threw it down, execrating himself. But what was he to do? It would not do to offer her love and beggary. And so he had come home, not to break the engagement exactly, but then she would see that they must be separated, perhaps for years. He had been here two days, and as yet he had not seen her. Perhaps, after all, it would be better to go back to New York, and write to her, and if anything should happen to prevent his seeing her again. Ah! there were lights in the drawing-room at the Beverleys. He must go over and call. It would be only civil to do so. Mrs. Beverley had teased him last winter about Bell. He was glad now that he had not told her of his engagement.

By this time you will see that Ward Livingston was not quite the impersonation of honor that Bell thought him. Yet not wholly unprincipled, and far from heartless; smitten with guilt and shame, and yearning for the dear love now irrevocably lost to him, he crept out of the village at daylight the next day, false to Bell and all that was best in his nature.

The noon sun shone into the parlor at Dr. Thorne's when Bell sat alone. It seemed cruel. She would have liked to go away into some quiet place away from the light and beauty, and all the interests of life. Her father came in, and sitting in his armchair by the fire, rattled the newspaper uneasily. Presently he said:

"Bell, come here, child!"

She went, dropping on a cricket at his feet. He stroked her hair a moment.

"Bell, what is this about Ward?"

Bell made her voice very quiet and steady to reply:

"It is all over between us, father."

A few more questions and answers, and then the doctor uttered some sharp, angry words.

"Oh, don't, I can't bear that," cried Bell, and then he held her fast in his arms while she shook with passionate sobs.

Dr. Thorne's kindly nature was roused to anger. The loss of money was nothing to this. If it would be of any use to do anything; but nothing could restore Bell's faith; nothing could make him what she had believed him to be.

The June air is disturbed by martial music; the streets are noisy with shouts; the coming trains are beset by crowds of the village people eager for the news.

Thornedale is awake. The old Cromwellian spirit, dormant all these working, thriving years, shows itself in the sturdy yeomen, burns in the eye, swells in the proud, valiant heart, and nerves to the heroic resolve. The great tide swept over the whole North; not a country village so poor in patriotism as not to spring to arms when the life of the nation was threatened; not a hamlet so small that it had not its offering to lay upon the altar.

Far up in the blue June sky the flag unwound its stately folds, and eyes flashed as they caught sight of it; the blood leaped more swiftly along its

channels, and life lost its paltriness and insignificance; the doors of the recruiting office fell back before an enthusiastic crowd.

All this went on under the windows of Dr. Thorne's parlor, and the whole household were vividly interested; Bell most of all. And now Miss Lucy knit to some purpose. The doctor, coming into dinner, announced the last recruit.

"Stephen Blair has enlisted."

A glow of tender pride swept over Bell's face.

"I knew Stephen would go!"

Something in her voice made them all look at her. After a moment the doctor turned away, saying to himself:

"Nonsense! it isn't at all likely. Such a rough fellow as Stephen Blair; good as gold though, but—women like poliah. Absurd in me to think of it."

But he held the newspaper upside down, and went out thinking of it.

"Do you want to go, Stephen?"

He had come in for a moment, longing to have a sight of her before he went. He hesitated.

"No, I don't want to go. I have my mother to care for, and there are a good many things I want to do."

Not throwing his life away in a freak, no childish impulse, but the valor that reasons and dares because it must.

He glanced at her standing pale and beautiful in the soft lamplight.

"I had planned to do a great many things," he continued, with a little sigh. "I may not get all I wished out of life, but I shall have its worth."

That is what I thought, Bell. But that is past now. I must go. People talk of the military spirit. I'm afraid I haven't it. I don't care for the glory; all the pomp and pageantry of war are but little to me. I would rather stay in my shop, and see the flowers blossom, and hear the summer sounds. I think I'm not afraid to die, but it is hard to leave everything I care for behind me."

It was her he was thinking of, and yet he had no hope.

"But the cause, Stephen!" cried Bell.

"Yes, the cause—the holiest and noblest that man ever fought for; don't fear that I won't stand by it, Bell. The old flag has not sheltered me all my life for me to turn my back upon it now." Bell was silent.

Ward would have been capable of an impulse of patriotism—would he have shown that steady, wise valor that takes up its cross and bears it manfully. So at last Stephen bade her good-bye.

"I wanted to see you once more; Bell. It won't be so hard to go now," and with that he was at the door.

"Stephen, dear Stephen!" cried Bell. She ran to the door. "I want you to know how much I honor you; I knew you would go, but I did not know till now how brave it would be in you."

Her praise thrilled him; he caught her hands, covered them with fervid kisses, said some half-articulate words and so was gone.

The next day Bell was in her room looking through the shut blinds upon the scene in the street below. Close ranks of men in the gray uniform of the service, a swarm of women and children pressing close up to them, the State banner, white and lustrous, fluttering over the throng of heads like a colossal bird; and more definite than all, a figure towering above its fellows, and broad-shouldered and muscular, a sunburnt face a little pallid for all the excitement and wistful eyes that scanned the group in the doorway again and again, and each time turns away baffled and disappointed.

Dear, brave Stephen! She did not love him, but that he had cared for her was something to be secretly proud of all her life. She could not go and stand with the rest under that storm of glances, but now, as the drums beat, the music of the band rose rich and inspiring, and the command was given to march, she threw open the blind, the brown face was instantly raised, and the wistful blue eyes met her own. Stephen carried away in his heart a picture that never for a moment grew dim—a slight figure framed in by the crimson drapery of the window, the rippling brown hair blown away from the temples, the sweet, half-smiling mouth, and the soft, dove eyes that could hardly see him for tears.

The regiment arrived in New York. It was a grand ovation. Music, crowds of people, the streets blossoming in red, white and blue; fair hands waving, and cheer after cheer welcomed the heroes. Madeline Beverley looked from between parted curtains. "Isn't it splendid?" Her black eyes were sparkling and her color brighter. Ward looked on, a cloud on his face—he knew those men.

"It is as fine as a review in the Champs Elysées," continued Madeline.

"What should you think of my going?" said Ward, gravely.

"You!" Her eyes kindled. It would be a fine thing to have him a colonel or even a captain.

"Can you get a commission?"

"No! I don't know enough to carry a captain's sword. I meant to go as a private."

"A private!" Her lip curled. "There are enough people to do that—such as those. After all, what would the glory be worth if you should be killed?"

That was what Ward was thinking, and so he presently sat down on the velvet sofa and begged her to play to him. Bell was wondering if he would go—she hoped so. If he had been hers she would have yielded him—oh, so readily—although it would have been like parting with her own life.

Two years have opened graves all over the land and left empty chairs at thousands of firesides, and taxed the courage and faith of the people. Thornedale kept her heroes in remembrance. Sometimes the church bell tolled its solemn pean over the dead soldier, and then the war came home very vividly.

The village was proud of her men—of Stephen Blair especially. Always in front, never grumb-

ling, and never shirking, Stephen did his duty; and the soldiers who have fought, and marched, and half-starved know what it is to do that.

Sometimes the papers came to him, and one day he read Ward Livingston's marriage. A bitter hope sprang up within him. "He was never good enough for her. I never dared say it before, but I knew it."

And so the days went on, dreary camp routine, picket duty, facing the cannon, storming fortifications, till at last, retreating inch by inch under a rain of shot and shell, some fearful missile struck him and he fell. The storm of battle swept over him, and after a long time Stephen awoke from his swoon to find himself almost alone under the starlight.

He was carried in and pronounced not quite hopeless; and one day when the train stopped at Thornedale the wounded soldier was lifted out and set upon the platform, glad enough to see the dear old place once more, and to hear the never-forgotten music of the river. He might have been gone a lifetime, so much had he lived in the time.

There were no blazing fires in the shop now; the great forge hammer was silent. Stephen pleased himself with thinking that he would rekindle them by-and-by, and put the idle river to new uses; he would fashion into shape those ideal forms that haunted his busy brain. But his strong hands had grown very weak, he almost feared he should never have complete mastery over them again. The languor would not go. Every day after a little while he hobbled out to the shop and sat down in the corner where the curious implements of his craft lay about. It was slow work; the warm sunshine came in and fell on the dark bits of iron, and the shadows of the white clouds that drifted over the sky glided up to his feet. Stephen wondered if this was what it was to be ill—to feel the energy all gone from his frame, the ambition and purpose slipped away from his heart.

There was no spring left in him, he said sadly. And now glancing up and over the way, he sees the windows open in Dr. Thorne's parlor, and he knows how genial and homelike is the atmosphere within.

And so sitting and thinking, the dull pain telling him what it is that he needs, he sees a little familiar figure come out at the door and along the street. Bell is coming to bring him the daily paper. She will pass the door and go on to the cottage he thinks, and he will let her do so.

The afternoon silence is unbroken and very sweet to Bell. Nothing but the rippling flow of the brook, the gentle monotony of the cicada's chirp, and the quiet, yellow sunshine sleeping on the houses, and the white, dusty road and the dark picturesque shop.

Bell's heart was very light; the two years past had developed her wonderfully. "It was a shame," she said, "to grow morbid and miserable over her own sorrow in such a time. Nothing was left now of her grief but a little added tenderness and depth and strength of feeling, and these might well have been won at a greater cost."

The flutter of her blue muslin dress caught Stephen's eye, perhaps the magnetism of his presence made her look around when just abreast of the shop door.

"Oh, Stephen! are you here? I was just coming to give you the paper," and before he could rise she had put it into his hands. Stephen glanced over it in some embarrassment. He had seen her at home often since his return, but now the shyness that he thought he had outlived fettered him.

Bell looked around with a girl's curiosity at the unfamiliar things about. Those curious cog-wheels and that revolving cylinder—what were they? She would ask; and turning to Stephen, met a look that frightened away the smile from her lips. She wound her hat ribbons around her fingers in great confusion. Stephen looked at her, all his love and yearning shining in his eyes. Would she take him? He thought of his crippled limb; he magnified his uncouthness.

The sunshine played around her, the wind stirred her wavy hair, brushed the fringe of the shawl she wore across her white hands. How fair she was! the delicate creature, in the dark room with all those black, rough things around her. He bit his lip. Oh, it was hopeless! Bell saw the gray look settled upon his face, and remembered that November morning two years before. How strong he was then, and now so weak and maimed. It was very pitiful. Tears sprang to her eyes. Did he care for her now? Bell stepped to the window. A minute or two passed. The rush of the falling water just below filled the silence; but she must say something.

"What are those curious things, Stephen?" she asked presently, going back to the thought he had scared away.

Stephen explained: "Inventions—he had puzzled over them in the evenings before he went to the army—patented now some of them and proved." Bell's face brightened in surprise and pleasure.

"They will make you rich, won't they?"

"Yes." But there was no gladness in his face or voice.

"And famous too?"

"Perhaps!"

"You are very sober about it," she said playfully.

"Isn't you unreasonable?"

"Am I?"

Bell caught her breath and changed color.

"Rich and famous, what else can you want?"

He rose and was beside her with three steps.

"You know what I want. Oh! Bell, give it to me!"

"Well, I never!" It was Miss Lucy who said it.

"What do you mean?"

"To think that the flower of our family should marry a blacksmith!"

"Pshaw! Hugh Miller was a stonecutter. Come,

Robin," and Dr. Thorne stepped into the chaise and drove off.

The cottage has put out many queer little wings and projections; a bay window looks over the river, and scarlet beans climb about it, and blue and white morning-glories open in the summer sunrise; the forge fires are blazing.

Bell comes over and looks at the wonderful things growing up under Stephen's direction, her brown hair blown away from her forehead in the pretty old fashion. They walk back to the cottage together, and there are not two happier people in the wide world.

NEUTRALITY.

A VULTURE sat on an old oak tree,
As brave a bird as a vulture can be,
And he cooked his head so knowingly,
As he piped away—"Neutrality."

A rooster perched on a neighboring tree,
Crowed long and loud exultingly;
Cock-a-doodle-doo for the "Land of the Free,"
Our motto shall be—"Neutrality."

And so they kept up a jolly good time,
Plumming themselves on the nerve sublime
That had saved their beaks from the dirt and slime
Of warring peoples in other climes.

So they roosted together on a shaky old tree,
This gray old vulture and the cock, you see;
And they got as fat as fat can be,
Singing all the time—"Neutrality."

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

"Tom, what in the world put matrimony into your head?"

"Well, the fact is, Joe, I was getting short of shirts."

A MERCHANT having advertised for a youth who was "quick at figures," a young man appeared the next morning, bringing his mother's certificate of his agility in the lancers and the polka!

A GENTLEMAN presented a lace collar to the object of his adoration, and in a jocular way said: "Do not let any one else rumple it."

"No, dear," said the lady, "I will take it off."

THE wit deservedly won his bet who, in company, when every one was bragging of his tall relations, wagged that he himself had a brother twelve feet high. He had, he said, "two half brothers, each measuring six feet."

THE lion and the horse disputed one day as to whose eyesight was best. The lion saw, on a dark night, a white hair in milk; the horse saw a black hair in pitch. So the horse won.

"How do you like me now?" asked a belle of her spouse, as she sailed into the room with a sweeping train of muslin following her.

"Well," said he, "it is impossible for me to like you any longer."

WE lately met a grammarian, says a Californian paper, who has just made a tour through the mines, cogitating thus: "Positive, mine; comparative, miner; superlative, minus!"

"WELL, Sambo, what's yer up to, now-a-days?"

"Oh, I is the carpenter and joiner."

"He! I guess yer is! What department do you perform?"

"What department? Why, I does the circular work."

"What's dat?"

"Why, I turns the grindstone!"

"PAT, you have dated your letter a week ahead. It is not so late in the month by one week, you spalpeen."

"Croth, boy, indead an' its meself that is wanting sweet Kathleen to get it in advance of the mail. Shure I'll not care if she gets it three days afore it is written, me darlint."

WIDOW Grizzle's husband lately died of cholera. In the midst of the most acute bodily pain, after the hand of death had touched him, and while writhing in agony, his gentle wife said to him:

"Well, Mr. Grizzle, you needn't kick about so and wear all the sheets out, if you are dying."

PUNCH, some time since, had this joke:

"IRON VESSEL.—The duel between the Merrimac and the Monitor was a fight between pot and kettle, and indeed pot is the vessel which our navy is going to."

When the Alabama went down he ordered it to be reprinted.

WAFER says that, although he never saw a "tie" run off, he has seen lots of collars limp within the past few days.

WHY are several young ladies going in a wagon to a country ball, with no end of baggage, like trees?

Because their hearts are in their trunks.

MARINE.—"How terribly the ship labors!" exclaimed the passenger to the captain, as they stood together in the night of the tempest; "what cargo have you in the hold?"

"Petroleum," replied the captain, turning his telescope into his trousers' pocket.

"Oh! ah!—petroleum," rejoined the passenger—"that's rock-ol; no wonder she rocks."

APPROPOS to Gen. Grant, a soldier writes from the front that although the men like their *étoupe* *cas* *dig*, they prefer the *étoupe* without the *dig*.

THE CHILD'S WAR TIMES.—The other day while a child was running at full speed on the sidewalk she had a serious fall. Knees and forehead were very badly bruised, and the skin peeled from one arm. That night, as she was being undressed for bed, she looked pitifully at her numerous wounds, and sorrowfully exclaimed to her mother:

"Oh, dear! what dreadful times these war times are!"

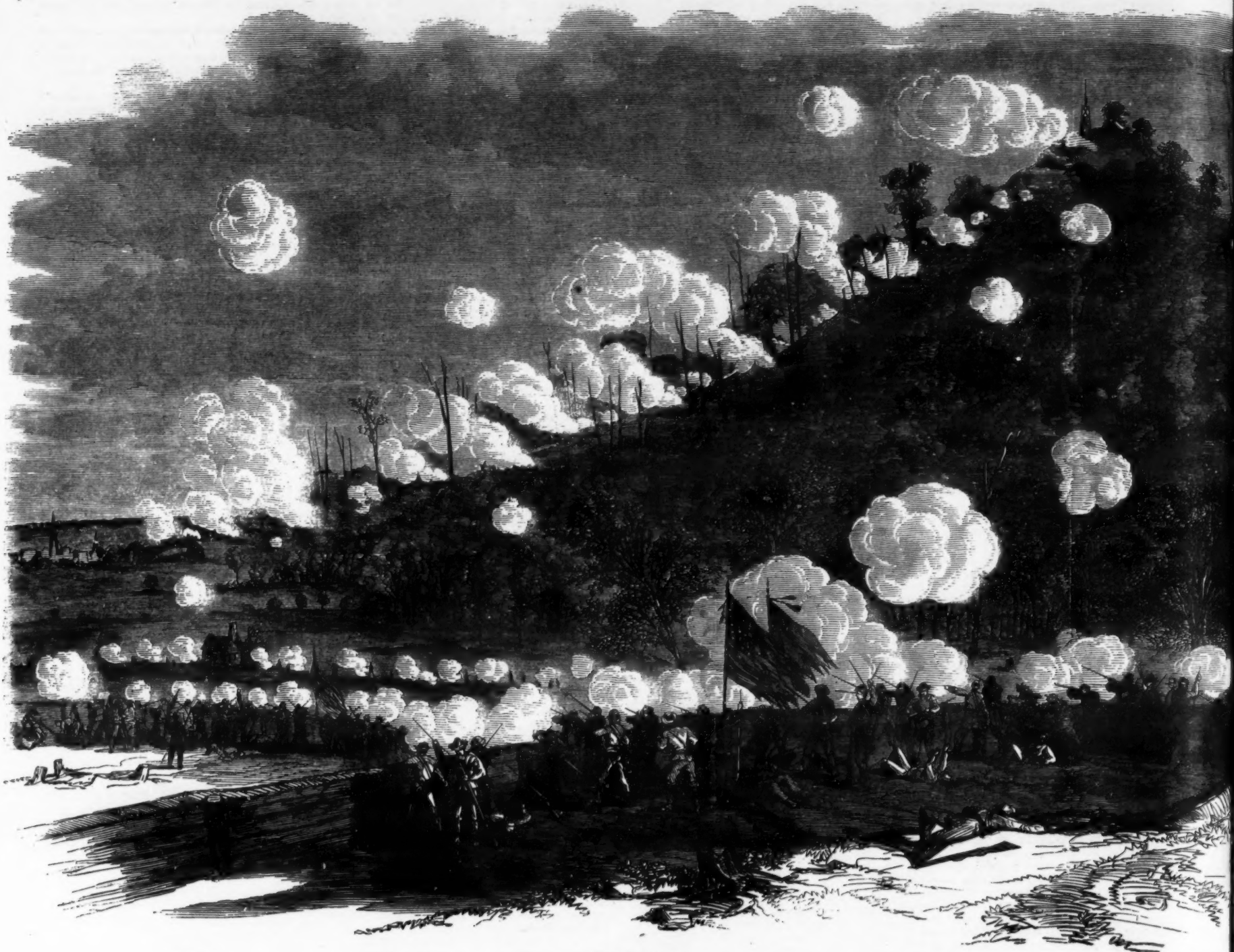
THE latest and most interesting work published in Germany has this dry German title: "Hant-sowen factouk onangtomsen; Bibliotheca Sindo-logica, als Wegweiser zur Sino-logischen Literatur." It is about Chinese Literature.

"MUCH remains unsung," as a tomat said when a brickbat cut short his serenade.

How should a lover go into his fair one's house. Always with a ring and never without a rap.

At a recent meeting of the British Ethnological Society, it is said there were placed "casts of the skull of an individual at different periods of adult life, to show the changes" produced in 10 years. It is on the same principle, we suppose, that the two skulls of Dean Swift are preserved in Ireland, one when he was a boy and the other when he was a man.

A PLAIN SALAD.—The Southerners, at the commencement of the war, being asked what they wanted, replied, "lettuce alone;" and the Northerners have, out of sheer perversity, been trying ever since to give them a dressing.



Marietta.

46th Army Corps.

Rebel Breastworks.

Battery and Signal Station.

SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA—THE 15TH AND 17TH ARMY CORPS ATTACKING THE REBEL

JUST MY LUCK.

We know exactly how many there are always waiting for something to turn up, and when it does not contenting themselves with abusing the said luck; but the oddest instance I ever knew was one of those specimens of which so many flocked to the California mines in 1850, and who were known there as "Pikes," whether they came from Missouri or not. It had been

hard times with Mr. Pike, and he had not struck anything for a long time, the result of which was that he was dead broke, or, as he expressed it, "the deadiest broke man you ever have saw."

The truth was Mr. Pike was lazy, very lazy, and would sooner starve than work at any time. He was first-rate at playing poker, bluff or seven-up, and was a master-hand at playing the fiddle, being thoroughly posted in all dancing-tunes. One day, when things looked amas-

tingly dark with him, Mr. Pike sat upon the head of an old barrel, shuffling a villainously dirty pack of cards upon another, apparently for amusement. Just at this moment along came a gentleman, and stepped up to the unemployed man.

"You play the fiddle, don't you?" he said.

"Wal, what then?" was Mr. Pike's response.

"Why, there's a little party about half a mile below here, and they sent me up for you. If you'll come

down and play a little for them to dance they'll give you ten dollars."

"Can't go," said Mr. Pike.

"Can't go!" said the gentleman, astonished, knowing that Pike hadn't had a chance to make so much in a month before; "why can't you?"

"Bekase I can't—that's the reason! It's just my luck to git an invitation to a party, and—not go." Mr. Pike was excused.]

"I once saw a Pike genius on the Francisco, who had from Missouri, and with open-mouthed ship for the first been raining in her sails were shaking like great yards. Mr. Pike for several minutes turning to me, he said: "Wal, I've about them freight ships bring, but I till now how they Now I see they them are bags!"

Another gentleman, style, making his wharves to see me fastened his immense anchor by remark was:

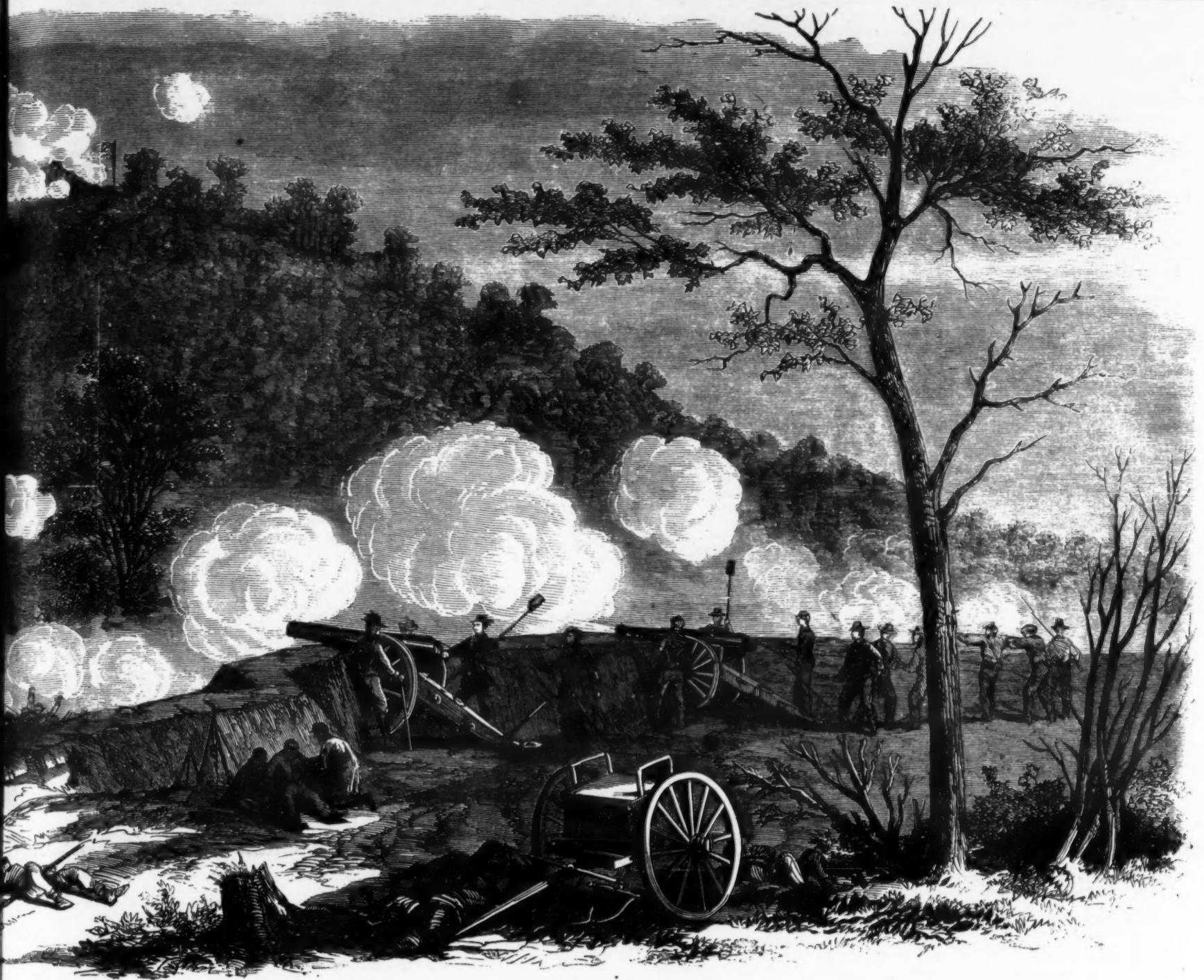
"Now, what came that are big pick forny? They say they couldn't a mines!"

A FLASH OF LIGHT. A flash of light covered an immense mountain. Near the city of stands a mountain natives call Teocalli, charging itself, from its girdle, which, side of a hill, an immense quantity of minerals, says Ulan, some time sold at as eight pieces of A treasure of this to promise treasure to the proprietors; but the pag crag was covered with minerals the whole year never been able other benefit than first instance.

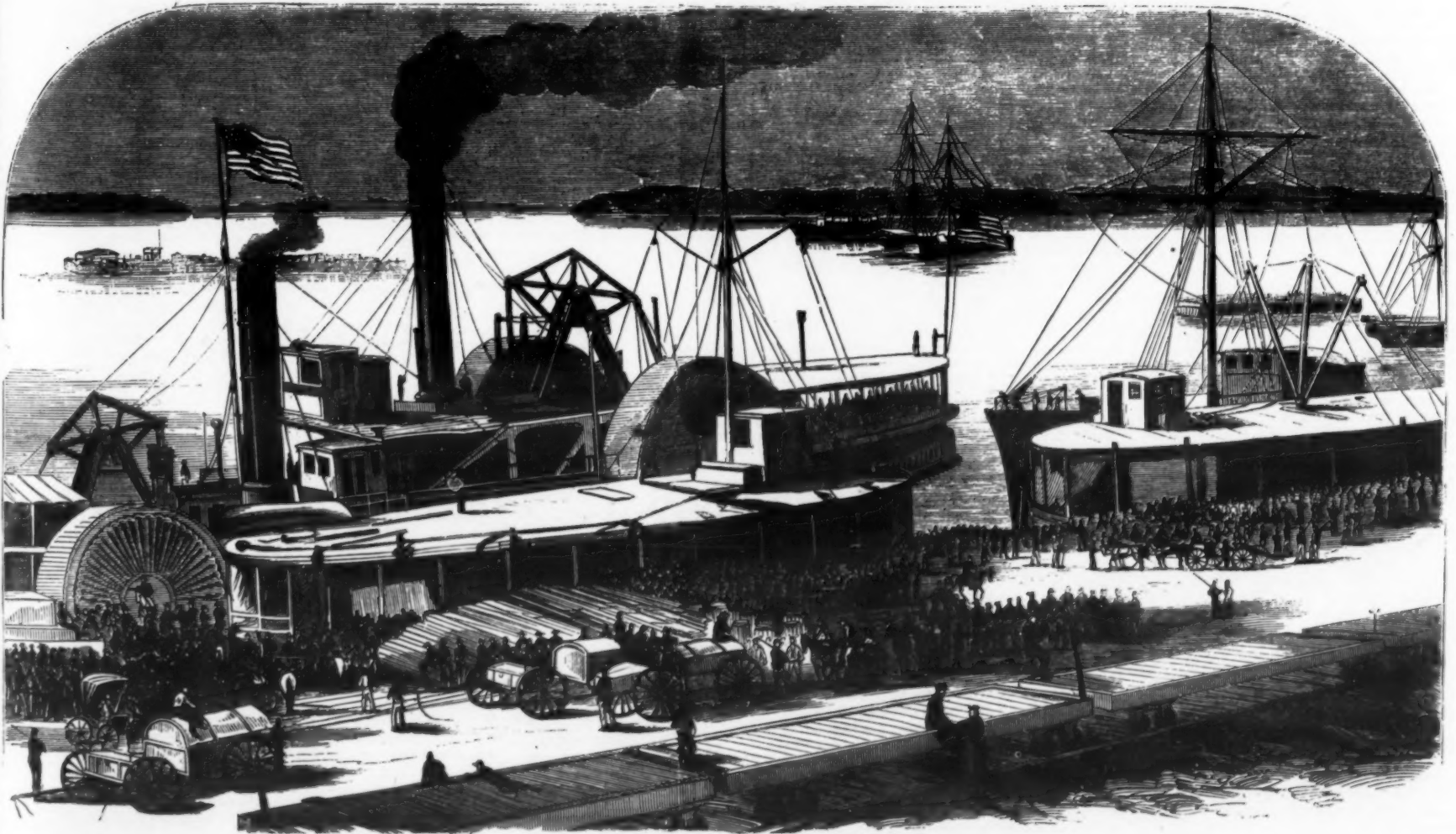
It is said that away from the he heard that than cure.



A U. S. MAIL RAILROAD TRAIN CARRIED UP THE JAMES RIVER.—FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUT. G. M'ANDLE.—SEE PAGE 311.



Battery. 17th Army Corps.
ON KENESAW MOUNTAIN, JUNE 29.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. F. E. HILLEN.



THE SIXTH CORPS EMBARKING AT CITY POINT, TO PROCEED TO THE RELIEF OF WASHINGTON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—SEE PAGE 311.

ISABEL.

Like two rosebuds crushed in snow
Are the cheeks of Isabel;
Like the violets that grow
'Mong the daisies in the dell
Are her eyes: the stars of night
Ne'er a mortal heart did swell
With such pure and fond delight
As the eyes of Isabel.

Music trembles on the lip
Of the fairy Isabel;
Oh! I'd give such sweets to sip
Wealth that Ceresus ne'er could tell;
I would coin my brain and soul,
Could the mintage buy a spell
That would wait me to my goal—
Wait and win me Isabel.

As the sound of silver fine,
Is the voice of Isabel;
Wit, like bubbles on the wine,
Pure as pearls in ocean shell,
Sparkle through her golden theme;
Joyful as a marriage bell
I could glide adown life's stream
In one boat with Isabel.

THE MYSTERY OF "THE PLACE!"

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

BY J. W. WATSON.

PART III.—CHAPTER V.

"AND so, ma'am, you couldn't say certainly whether the figure that you saw and spoke to in your room, the first time, was man or woman?"

Isabelle could not say. The light was so imperfect that it was impossible to see with certainty, but by the robe she thought it was a woman.

"Could she tell, by what she saw of the face, how old it might be?" questioned Mr. Brobbett.

"Yes; perhaps about thirty or thirty-five. But the face had such a strange, staring expression, something unexplainable, that it could not well be set down for an especial age."

"Was there no sound uttered by it?"

"None; only a loud breathing, which could be heard across the room."

Mr. Darius Brobbett discussed every point with Isabelle and Wilton, and asked every question, and then discussing a hearty supper under the eagle eyes of Miller, a supervision that was thoroughly returned by Mr. Brobbett, though less observable, announced his intention of taking a walk down to the village, a mile distant, where about an hour afterwards he could be seen seated at the village store, acting oracle for a group of country people, having, before his departure from "The Place," cautioned both Isabelle and Wilton against mentioning to any one his profession, or speaking of him in any other light than as a humble friend of Mr. Peyton's, come down to him with a message.

"And so," said Mr. Brobbett, "your poorhouse is ten miles away. Well, that's better than having it right here under your noses, don't you see. And I suppose you haven't got many vagrants about here as a permanent thing?"

"No," spoke up one of the gossips, "we ain't troubled with that sort o' cattle much."

"No woman, now, for instance?" suggested Mr. Brobbett.

"There ain't a right poor woman out of the poorhouse within twelve mile but aunt Sally Nichols, an' she's not been outen her shanty for this two year or more."

"Nor any crazy folks, nor idiots, I suppose, now?" was Mr. Brobbett's next observation.

"There ain't sich a thing anywhere within ridin' distance, 'cept crazy Pete."

"And I guess it was Pete I met on the road coming up to-day?" said Mr. Brobbett, artfully, not wishing to have to ask a direct description of that individual.

"Guess not," was the rejoinder. "Pete's went down to stay at his gran'father's three weeks ago, an' hasn't got back yet."

Which bothered Mr. Brobbett exceedingly, leaving no hook on which to hang the supposition that the attempt may have been made by some roving vagabond or maniac of the neighborhood. Therefore Mr. Brobbett ventured on another tack and talked about Stanfield, finally settling down to a bit of gossip about the Swinton family.

"The old man was an honest fellow," said one white-haired ancient, who stood, whip in hand and a team at the door, just to drink one mug more of cider, and hear just one more story from somebody. "He didn't turn up his nose at his callin', even though he made money and got rich. But I can't say as much for that ere son of his, the father of the present one. He went to York and dabbled a little in everything, and everything turned to gold on his hands, but there didn't come a good name with it. And it's the same way with this one—nobody knows much about him. When he was young he was wild and run away from home, and they heerd' about him down to South Ameriky, and other outlandish places, and it wasn't till long after he'd grow'd to be a man that he came home again!"

"And I s'pose he stays down here now and looks after the farm?" said Mr. Brobbett, looking out of the corner of his eye at the old farmer.

"Looks arter the farm! He! he! he! Kar-late he don't keer none 'bout the farm. Why, he's got more money in one day than you or I in a year. He's down here a heap, but it ain't to look arter the farm."

"What is it, then?" said Mr. Brobbett, coming to the direct question.

"That's zactly what nobody knows. There's strange talk 'bout things up to 'The Place.' Some says one thing and some says another; but it's a fact that there's something strange about it."

"Ghosts, now, for instance," said Mr. Brobbett, hazarding the idea.

"That's so!" said the old man. "Ghosts it is. I'm too old a bird to be caught with chaff, an' I

don't say 'at I b'lieve in ghosts, but I shouldn't like sich stories to git around 'bout my place as there is up to Swinton's."

"D'ye mind the time when Jim Blakeley saw that thing hoppin' around the house last winter?" chimed in a rough-looking teamster, who had been baking his boots to a cinder for the last hour. "Warn't he skeered though! Glory! But when he kim in yer that night, he was jist as white under the gills as any ghost."

"What did he see?" said Mr. Brobbett, deeply interested.

"Why he seed a woman dressed in a long gown, an' a lot of fixings all over her arms and head. He'd bin up to 'The Place' to team a load of wood to 'em, and was jist comin' away, 'bout dark, when this ere thing run right out in front of his horses, and then kim up alongside and grinned right in his face. Jim swore he'd never seen sich eyes since he was born."

"Did it say anything?" was Mr. Brobbett's next question.

"Yes; guess it did. It said a lot o' things that Jim didn't understand. He says it's 'cause it was not English; but us fellers say it was 'cause Jim was too frightened."

Deeply interested was Mr. Brobbett, and exceedingly pleased was Mr. Brobbett's friends at having found a real live Yorker who didn't "put on airs," and who would listen to their recitals with zest. And thoughtful was Mr. Brobbett that night as he walked down to "The Place," and perhaps a little fearful, if it could be judged by a certain nervous handling of a deft contrivance for discharging seven half ounces of lead with unerring certainty, which he always carried in a certain pocket for certain occasions. Particularly did Mr. Darius Brobbett finger this instrument as he went up that lonely garden walk, and especially did his small gray eyes snap around in every bush and over every stone both of the grounds and the house; but to no effect, for he was soon safely housed and in consultation with Peyton, without having met with any adventure similar to that of the veritable Jim Blakeley.

"Now, then, sir," said Mr. Brobbett, earnestly, "there's one thing in all this matter that we've got to discuss, and that thing is ghosts."

Wilton could not help smiling at this first proposition of the detective, who went on:

"Because I'm a man who don't believe in ghosts, and never did. So that part's settled."

Peyton nodded assent.

"The next thing to consider is—what this affair has been done by some person with a motive."

Another nod of assent.

"Now, then, who could have a motive in the death of Mrs. Swinton but her husband? and next, who could he get to do the job?"

Peyton waited to hear farther.

"He didn't do it himself, that's clear. That it wasn't done by that housekeeper or the girl is also clear. Consequently, the next idea is, who is there outside to do it? As far as I've been able to learn to-night, no one. Now, Mrs. Swinton says positively that there has been no one here in consultation with Colonel Swinton or Mrs. Miller since she entered the house; and as they didn't know of her coming, the thing couldn't have been arranged before. On this, p'raps she's mistaken; but if she isn't, there's one thing certain, which is, that if they've been able to cover up their footprints so well as that, they'll be able to cover 'em up altogether, and we shan't be able to hit on the one that did it at all. Now, then, what's the next supposition? Why, that they didn't know anything about it at all, and that it was done by some strange beggar or tramp for robbery, or by some crazy person—a supposition that don't hold good, don't you see, because if it was so they wouldn't be so anxious to hush it up. You see that, don't you?"

Peyton did see it, and responded by saying:

"What then?"

But there Mr. Brobbett was bothered.

"What then?" he echoed; "that's the question. Why, what's the next idea? That there's somebody in this house that we don't know of—that's the next idea!"

And Mr. Brobbett looked into Peyton's astonished face with a very professional satisfaction.

"Impossible!" ejaculated Wilton. "If there had been, Mrs. Swinton must have seen some demonstration of it."

"Mrs. Swinton hasn't got more than two eyes," said Mr. Brobbett, oracularly.

"What do you advise, then?" Peyton asked.

"What do I advise?" said Mr. Brobbett. "Why I advise this house to be searched. It can't do any harm; and if any opposition is made, I advise the locking of Colonel Swinton into his own room and the handcuffing of Mrs. Housekeeper—that's what I advise!"

And Mr. Brobbett clinched his advice by bringing the articles mentioned from his pocket, and giving them a gentle shake before Peyton's eyes.

"Rather a positive way of doing the thing," was Peyton's quiet reply.

"Positives is what we want. We must have positives when we get such folks as this 'ere Miller to deal with!"

And Mr. Brobbett cast a half glance towards the door, as though he was slightly timid about that lady's entering in the midst of their colloquy.

Therefore it was agreed that next morning, without mentioning the matter to Isabelle or Mrs. Peyton—for, as Mr. Brobbett remarked, "Women have their uses, but they're better not mixed up in these affairs"—the house was to be searched at all hazards, and so Mr. Brobbett and Peyton separated, the first to go with rather more noise than was his wont to his room, as though he wanted it apparent he was not afraid, on the principle that a boy whistles in the dark, and having prepared himself partially for bed and blown out the light, to silently and stealthily, taking that same seven-shooting instrument in his hand, wrap himself in a blanket, and, in the very darkest corner of the room, seat himself in a rocking-chair, and with eyes wide open take up what looked very like a watch for the night.

It was long after midnight, and all the inmates of "The Place" were supposed to be hushed in sleep. Isabelle shared her couch with Mrs. Peyton, and Wilton slept in an adjoining room, from which a knock on the wall could summon him in an instant, while Mr. Brobbett's apartment was on the opposite side of the hall, and directly under that of Colonel Swinton.

The first breath to break the monotony of the night was the sound of a quick voice from the room above, not words that Mr. Brobbett could distinguish, but as though a frightened call had been made, and almost instantly the sound of feet upon the floor, at which, like an alarmed dog, Mr. Brobbett pricked up his ears and listened with an intensity that should have penetrated ceiling and floor. In another moment a sound was heard as of the fall of a heavy body above, and Mr. Brobbett, starting to his feet, opened his door that led into the hall, and stood on one side, waiting. He did not have to wait long, for in a few seconds the door facing the stairs, at their head, opened hastily, and a loud, sharp laugh rang over the house, that almost in an instant cured Mr. Brobbett of his disbelief in ghosts, and was followed by a voice, which he knew directly as that of Colonel Swinton's though he had never heard it, crying sharply for Miller.

Following upon this came the patter of rapid steps upon the stairs, and Mr. Brobbett dashed into the unlighted hall to receive into his arms a figure that made even his cold blood dance through his veins hotly, by its very grasp, for though the detective had proffered his body as a stoppage to the flying figure, he found in a moment that a pair of hands were on his throat with the tenacity of a fiend, which all his strength failed to unlock. Never before had Mr. Brobbett been in such a situation. It was only by the dim light of the moon struggling through his own room into the hall that he could see anything of the figure that had clutched him, and by it he saw what he hardly could believe human. The figure was tall, almost too much so for a woman, with face of a very dark hue, eyes absolutely black and deeply sunken, and skin fairly drawn tight over the bones. This was the fearful apparition that had fastened upon Mr. Brobbett's throat, not allowing him even a chance to call aloud. It was a terrible struggle for a minute between him and the figure, but the lithe, active man was almost at the first grasp overpowered, and fell, the figure going down with him, but not relinquishing its hold. Suddenly there was a report, a flash, a fierce and deadly scream, and the figure rolled away from Mr. Brobbett's throat at the very moment that Peyton's door opened and Mrs. Miller appeared at the top of the stairs.

Mr. Brobbett was on his feet instantly, shaking himself like a beaten dog, and running his hands in a frightened way over his throat, and Miller and Colonel Swinton were bending over the prostrate figure, with Peyton looking on as though confounded beyond action.

"For God's sake, Peyton, keep Isabelle and your wife from coming here! Do it if you care for them!" came gasping from Swinton.

Peyton turned towards their room, and stopped his wife, who had that instant opened the door, and with a few hurried words begging them to remain there quiet, took the key and made a surety of their obedience by locking the door on the outside. He came back to see Colonel Swinton and Miller raising the prostrate figure in their arms and preparing to carry it away. Mr. Brobbett was a silent spectator, as though stupefied with the part he had played, and Wilton could only offer his assistance to be rejected by Colonel Swinton.

"No, no!" he answered to the proffer, "for God's sake, Peyton, let us alone now. Everything shall be explained in the morning. Believe me, everything shall be explained. Don't let that man go out of the house. If you really care for Isabelle, now is your time to show it. Don't tell her or your wife anything until I see you in the morning. Keep that man in the house. No harm shall come to him," and he disappeared up the stairs, carrying the limp and lifeless figure in his arms.

Peyton returned to the spot where stood Mr. Brobbett, and taking him by the arm led him back to his room, where, when a lamp was lit, it revealed a face white with the startling nature of the event through which he had just passed, and eyes twice as restless as those of an hour before.

"What do you think of that?" he stammered out to Peyton.

"Strange! very strange, and terrible!"

"What d'ye think he'll do about it?" Mr. Brobbett said, pointing with his thumb towards the upper room.

"Nothing to you," was Peyton's assured reply.

Mr. Brobbett seemed much relieved, and sat down.

"I wouldn't have had the thing happened for twenty dollars!" said Mr. Brobbett, slapping his thigh with an emphasis, as though he had placed a high pecuniary value on the transaction.

"Now, Mr. Brobbett, there's only one thing for me to ask of you, and that is that you remain quiet here and get over this; sleep if you can, and to-morrow morning we shall have an explanation."

"Oh, I'm not agoing to run away, even if I'm hung for it," answered Mr. Brobbett. "You'll find me here in the morning, alive or dead."

And so Peyton returned to his room, and from there to that of his wife and Isabelle, to reassure them, and beg them to wait till morning for an explanation, and once more quiet, if not sleep, settled upon the house.

CHAPTER VI.

It was scarce daylight next morning when Mrs. Miller appeared at Peyton's room with a request from Colonel Swinton for an interview, a request that Peyton was wakened expectant of, and instantly acceded. That the housekeeper had passed through a night of terrible agitation was depicted on her face. She looked ten years older

than the day before, and in her very tone and manner of address to Wilton showed a sinking of that courage which, whether it was real or unreal, kept her stern and proud the day previous.

He entered the room to find Colonel Swinton stretched upon the bed, and to see by the light, which was still burning upon the mantel, a white face and bloodless lips, accompanied by a look from the eyes that told of strength and will burned, if not to the socket, at least to that point where the light flickers and is unsteady. Swinton pointed to a chair at his bedside, and Peyton seated himself, waiting for some words from him that should open the conversation. When he did speak it was in a low, deliberate tone, as a man would speak who had been weakened by sickness.

"Peyton, it seems that I am to appeal in my embarrassments more to you than to my wife, and ask the mercy at your hands that I should ask at hers!"

"Colonel Swinton, you talk to me in riddles. I have not the slightest conception of your meaning. I have, I believe, in this matter acted only as a true friend of Mrs. Swinton's, and in so doing I should certainly have been a true friend of yours."

"Have you shown much friendship in bringing a stranger into my house to be a witness of what it would have been better to have kept within ourselves?"

"You made no offer, so far, to enter upon any confidential relations with Mrs. Swinton, to say nothing of myself. You have offered nothing that would have led to the expectation of a scene like that of last night!"

"Who was that man?" asked Swinton, without answering Peyton's accusation.

Peyton was silent.

"Will you not tell me who the man is that has become a partner in revelations that should have been kept only within a family knowledge?"

Peyton hesitated a moment, and then answered:

"He was an employed detective."

"As I suspected!" Swinton said, as though speaking to himself. "What does he know?"

"Nothing, as yet, but what you know of."

"But what I know of? How do I know of what he or you may have come to the knowledge of?"

"Colonel Swinton, I know nothing but what your wife has told me, and what has been told yourself, as well as what I saw last night."

"And this morning you expect from me a solution of this mystery, as you think it?"

"Yes!"

"Peyton, I do not feel that I have any right to deny it, either to yourself or Isabelle, but I say to you, before I proceed, that the revelation will be ruin to both her and myself!"

Colonel Swinton had raised himself to a sitting position on the bed, as he said this, with a fierce earnestness, but not in a threatening way, when Miller entered, not as she usually entered the room of the sick man, but hastily and without quiet. She came directly to his bedside and leaned over, whispering a few words in his ear. Colonel Swinton sprang from the bed, and hurried on a dressing-gown that hung over a chair; turning to Peyton as he did so, and making a vehement motion of his hand, he said:

"Come! for God's sake, follow me!"

Through the hall they went to a passage on the right, off from which led a staircase, independent of the main one. Up this, preceded by Miller, to a door, the only one at the head of the stairs, which the housekeeper seemed to open by some spring which she stooped to reach, and at once they were in a suite of rooms furnished with more care and expense than the rest of the house, and filled with small articles of foreign make and of exquisite taste and workmanship.

Past two rooms, apparently used as parlors or drawing-rooms, into a large chamber the three hurried to find Doctor Warner standing by the side of a luxurious bed, leaning one hand upon the foot, and looking earnestly upon whoever lay therein.

Colonel Swinton was the first to approach the couch, at the side of which he knelt, and took the hand that lay listlessly from the coverings. Peyton stood in silent astonishment just inside the door, to see the figure in the bed turn, and to recognize the features which he knew must be those of the creature, be it man or woman, that had attempted the life of Isabelle and of Mr. Brobbett. The dark, sunken eyes now lacked the wildness they had borne, and the face had no ferocity of air. The lips were bloodless, and the nostrils pinched, but there was an air of intelligence in the expression as Swinton pressed the withered hand to his lips. Doctor Warner bent down to the ear of the kneeling man and whispered some words, of which Peyton could catch only the one, "Dying!"

Swinton had drawn his face close to that of the figure, and in a voice trembling with emotion, said:

"Marie, do you know me?"

The woman made a motion, as though to rise, and passed her hand lightly down the face of the speaker.

"Doctor, do you think there is any returning reason?"

"There is no doubt of it," was the answer.

Again Swinton bent his face to the woman and whispered a few caressing words in French. Her countenance lightened up in an instant, and a low, muttering sound passed from her lips. Miller had drawn nearer the bed, and stood looking with tearful eyes upon the dying woman, who, catching a quick look up into her face, slowly put forth the other hand to the housekeeper, who, seizing it, pressed it to her lips, and sobbing out "Oh, madame!" as suddenly released it, and passing to the upper end of the room hid her face in her hands and wept silently. All this was strangely mysterious to Wilton; strange to find the luxuriously furnished apartments where only the refused part of the house could be expected; strange to see this dying woman, whom he could connect with no part of Swinton's history, installed as

filled occupant; and stranger still to see him so filled with emotion, so regardless of Wilton's presence, and to see this woman, Mrs. Miller, whom he had taken for the embodiment of iciness and selfishness, give way to what he knew must be real regret and heart sorrow for the dying woman.

For some minutes all remained in silence, the heavy breathing of the woman only being heard, until Doctor Warner made a step towards her and took up the hand that Miller had released, and touched the pulse.

"She can last but a few minutes longer," he said, in a low whisper to Swinton.

The dying woman must have caught the sound of the words, for she turned her eyes quickly upon him, and in a voice strongly betraying the foreign accent, said:

"Only a few minutes, monsieur?"

Swinton started to his feet with an exclamation of astonishment, and looked for an instant almost in terror at the speaker, and Miller was by the bedside before the words had ceased. The woman brought back her eyes to Swinton's face, and spoke again:

"George!"

"Oh, Marie! how happy I am to hear your voice once again!"

"It has been a long, long sleep," she said, in a low weary tone, "but I am awake now."

Swinton was leaning over, pressing his face close to hers, and looking into her dim eyes.

"You are crying, George! Is it because I have awakened and can once more speak to you, or because, as monsieur says, I am to die in a few minutes?"

There was no answer but the sobs of the one she was addressing.

"Is it not better that I should die? Something tells me that I have been a weary burden to you for many years. Sometimes I knew this in my dreams, but never while I was waking. Now I can look in your face and upon the touches of silver in your hair, and see that for years what you must have borne burdened with one whose race was accursed. Oh! why did you so burden yourself because I loved you? Do not turn away your face, George, I know the secret, I have always known it, even in my most vacant hours. Monsieur, can you not give that which will make strength, that I may live, if only for an hour, that I may say all I would say to him who has given up his best years for me, who has never spoken harshly or looked unkindly, even when I in my madness would have slain him? No! well let it be so then! Oh, I remember it all now! George, put your hand upon my heart. Where are you, darling? The light grows dim. Let your face lie close to mine. Kiss—kiss—kiss me, George!"

There was a sad stillness in the room, only broken by the sobs of Miller, and the long suppressed moans of Swinton, and Peyton went forth and left them with their dead. The catlike step of Dr. Warner followed him to the outer room, where he spoke:

"Mr. Peyton, as Colonel Swinton's trusted friend, I would beg that you defer the balance of the interview I was forced to break off for an hour or two, and allow no word of what you have seen to pass your lips until its conclusion. Colonel Swinton will keep nothing from you. You shall know all as soon as he is sufficiently composed to speak with you."

Peyton bowed to the doctor in acquiescence, and left the apartment. What he had passed through seemed almost like a dream, and even though he had been a witness, it offered no elucidation to his mind. Who was the woman from whom he had seen life depart that morning? She had been a maniac without doubt, and in that state had attacked Isabelle and Mr. Brobbett, but she had died sane, expressing the deepest love to Swinton and gratitude to those about her. All the surroundings showed that she had been kept with care and luxury; but why she had been allowed to wander out, and while attempting the life of another lose her own, was a marvel that Peyton could not unravel.

He found Mr. Brobbett in his room, discussing his breakfast with an appetite little impaired by the events of the night, and yet nervously anxious to know the meaning of what he had passed through. Mr. Brobbett did not generally hesitate to ask questions, but there was something in the face of Peyton that forbade it, and taking it for granted that the request that he should wait a few hours for a gratification of curiosity was properly founded, he was almost silent. It was the same with Peyton's wife and Isabelle, and all awaited in silent anxiety the time that should elucidate the mystery.

RAILROAD TRAINS GOING UP THE JAMES.

THE use of railroads in our war distinguishes it from all others on record. Their vital importance makes their destruction, defence, repair, matter of constant and ceaseless thought. With our superior means of mechanical construction, we are less alive to their importance than the rebels, who value them as above all price. Hence, in the recent raid, they actually tore up railroad tracks to carry off for use South, hoping to get this cumbersome booty safe to Richmond.

Among the contrivances is a curious one, which we illustrate in this paper, by which trains are sent up the James river to City Point. "Five or six barges are lashed together by means of stringpieces, upon which sleepers are placed and a track laid, so as to roll the cars on and off with rapidity and little labor. The whole arrangement constitutes one grand platform or floating bridge, which is towed by a small steamboat or tug. Great credit is due to the skill and management of E. L. Wentz, Esq., Superintendent and Engineer U. S. M. R., for such an arrangement, as shown in the sketch, as a whole train in a few hours is transported to City Point, a distance of 90 miles, with comparatively little trouble and small expenditure of labor. The rapidity with which a whole railroad is moved from one point to another by this means would seem almost incredible, and what a vast amount of money is saved the Government, besides the great convenience to the army, and in point of time is an item that is incalculable. Docks, bridges and details for the whole road are in like manner carried on this floating dock or bridge, which is one of the modern improvements in securing to the army complete success."

TREASURE-TROVE.

BY ADA VROOMAN.

FADE ON MY sight, ye Northern skies!
No more I see your sunken hue,
But spaces sweet of sunny blue
And lines of palaces arise.

A wind from Pestum's rosy bowers
Sweeps o'er my brow, and low and sweet
With many a pause and murmur fleet
Sings Philomela through the flowers.

Along the shore the azure waves
Lisp in the sunshine; far and near
The Contadina's song I hear,
And on the sand Venetia laves

Her feet in Adria! beauteous queen,
And beauteous bride, whose smiling face
Sheds all around a wordless grace,
And still preserves the golden mean.

And now upon her seven hills
The mistress of the world I see;
Oh, Rome! I bow and worship thee—
Faith now my longing wish fulfils.

Mine eyes have known thee; happy eyes
To know the towers that Osear knew,
To gaze upon the selfsame blue
That stained the haughty victor's skies.

Yet, happy heart, within those streets
The Cenci's daughter met her doom,
And dying, left an added gloom
To that which every tyrant greets.

But now before my eager sight
The vision fades; a mist of tears
Has dimmed the dream of my first years—
I see instead a haze of light.

Afar gleams Florence in the sun—
Her level roofs and marble spires
Aglow with golden noontide fires—
Of fairy cities, fairest one.

I yearn to clasp thee. Even so
Yearned Dante in his exiled gloom—
Nor found content within the tomb—
No more than I shall ever know

Without thee, Italy, my own!
My queen of all the peopled earth!
My land—if not by right of birth,
By right of loving—it is known

To poet-hearts whate'er we love
Is ours; and thus I call thee mine,
Though but in dreams I see thee shine,
And know thee as my TREASURE-TROVE.

THE REBELS AT BLAIR'S HOUSE.

THE elegant residence of the Hon. Montgomery Blair, at Silver Spring, near Washington, was totally destroyed by the rebels, although it was preserved at first that it was preserved through the interference of Ex-Vice President Breckinridge. The loss is a national one, as among the contents were an extensive correspondence with the greatest men of his day, matters invaluable for the future political history of the country.

Our artist gives a sketch of the ruins, and a graphic picture of the raiders carousing in the ruins. Upon one of the bronze urns shown was the inscription in pencil:

"MISS B. B.—The rebels—Confederates—have, as far as possible, protected your house from destruction. The United States Generals wouldn't have treated you thus, if you had been a rebel, as you call us. May you see from this treatment that we are willing to wage this war in a civilized manner. You have lost the likeness of some of our pretty lady friends. It is in safe hands. It was preserved from ill-treatment by a gentlemanly Southern."

"Yours respectfully,

"Newberne, Pulaski Co., Va."

What protection was the ruins tell. The writer will know that no American General would have treated the house of a rebel as Blair's house was treated, and frankly admits it. They spared nothing but a carte-de-visite, so complete was their havoc, and this was carried off. On another vase was written:

"The Johnny rebs is beseging the federal capital July 12, 1864."

BATTLE AT FORT STEVENS, July 12.

WHEN news of the rebel invasion reached Grant, he sent up to City Point the old 6th corps that had so long battled under Sedgwick. Our readers will find a view of their embarkation at City Point in our columns to-day. They went perhaps enjoying the scare of the Washington people, little suspecting that they were to have a brilliant little battle of their own under the eyes of the President.

About six o'clock on the 12th the rebels showed themselves coming down a declivity on both sides of Seventh street road (Brookville turnpike) into a little valley running across the road about a mile north of Fort Stevens. Gen. Wright ordered a small brigade of infantry to clean out the enemy from his front. The dwellings on the hill opposite, shelter for sharpshooters, were preliminarily emptied by shells, which set them on fire—shells sent from Fort Massachusetts and Slocum. Then our infantry rose, and, with a fanlike spreading to the right and left, dashed with hurrahs of delight at the two positions on each side of the Seventh street road. The rebels slid out of their rifle pits and leaped from behind their fences and trees, and raced. They did not stand a moment. A regiment of cavalry issued from a wood, seemingly Blair's, to the succor of their flying infantry and sharpshooters. Our men halted to receive the troopers' charge—fired into them at close quarters—checked them—fired again, and kept firing. In three minutes neither rebel cavalry nor infantry was in sight. Our troops double-quickly in line of battle over the crest of the heights, and disappeared in pursuit, with hurrahs and laughter, on the other side, driving Rhodes and Gordon's divisions of Ewell's corps in headlong flight before them.

The little brigade that did the pretty work this evening was Dan. Bidwell's, the 3d brigade, 2d division, 6th corps, consisting of the 43d New York, 49th New York, 77th New York, 123d New York, 61st Pennsylvania, and 7th Maine. The three assaulting regiments were the 49th New York, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Johnson; 7th Maine, commanded by Major Jones; and 77th New York, commanded by Lieut.-Gen. French. Their losses were nearly 200, among them four field officers.

Brief as was the combat last evening, it was bloody. Of the rebels I counted the burial to-day of about 250,

and saw and talked with 89 desperately wounded. The usual proportion between killed and wounded, if maintained in their action, would, with the ascertained killed, make a total of killed and wounded of 1,500.

WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN.

WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN, who was recently confirmed as Mr. Chase's successor as Secretary of the Treasury, was born at Boscowen, N. H., on the 10th of October, 1806. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1823, and was admitted to the bar in 1827. In 1829 he removed to Portland, Maine, and in 1831 was elected to the State Legislature. The youngest member of that body, he greatly distinguished himself in a debate on the United States Bank. He rose rapidly in his profession, and in 1840, as Whig candidate for Congress, outran the strength of his party. In 1843 he was nominated for re-election, but declined, preferring to return to the practice of his profession. In 1850 he was again elected to Congress, but through an error in the returns, his seat was given to his competitor. He was a member of the National Convention which nominated Gen. Harrison for the Presidency in 1840. He was also a member of the Convention of 1848, which nominated Gen. Taylor, in which he supported the claims of Mr. Webster, and of the Convention of 1853, which nominated Gen. Scott. In 1854, he was, as a Whig, elected to the United States Senate, and on the night of March 3 made a strong and thrilling speech against the Nebraska bill, which had a decided effect, and established his reputation at once as one of the ablest members of the Senate. In 1859 he was re-elected as United States Senator for six years by the unanimous vote of his party, without the formality of a previous nomination, it being the first instance of the kind in the history of the State. Mr. Fessenden, as Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, has had abundant experience, and has proved himself to be a thoroughly worthy and competent man.

[In our last paper but one, by an error not discovered in season, a portrait of the late Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen was given with the name of the new Secretary of the Treasury. We give to-day a fine portrait from the photograph by Brady.]

BATTLES OF KENESAW MOUNTAIN, June 22-7.

KENESAW mountain, a second Lookout among its fellows, as some one well remarks, was the spot chosen by Johnston as the last defence to Atlanta, in the series of Alps on Alps through which the American army has fought its way. It is about four miles in length, some 400 feet high, difficult of ascent, with spurs on the flanks, and presenting, as our readers can judge, a most dignified appearance.

Sherman resolved to flank it, and on the 23d the corps of the right and left of his army advanced, the centre maintaining its position around and upon the base of the mountain in the teeth of a very heavy artillery fire from the rebel batteries.

The 20th and 23d wheeled on the left, to hem in the rebels between our line and the railroad. The 14th Kentucky first met the enemy, who charged furiously, to check the movement. Schofield and Hooker were, however, ready. Williams's division drove back the enemy with artillery alone, without the employment of a musket. Batteries I and M of the 1st New York had secured positions which gave them a crossfire upon the rebels as they advanced across an open field, and it had proved entirely too hot for them.

Again, about six o'clock, they made the same attempt, and were driven back still more rapidly by a combined fire of artillery and musketry, which must, from the openness of the ground, have proved very destructive. Our losses were slight. They did not probably exceed 200 killed and wounded during the day, and one quarter of this loss was suffered by the 14th Kentucky.

To cover this assault upon Hooker, at eleven A.M. the enemy opened a rapid but random fire upon our centre with his artillery, placed in our immediate front, on high ridges, and from Big and Little Kenesaw and Bald Gap; our artillery returned their salutations with great vigor and precision. At every discharge of our guns the rebels could be seen running in every direction, so accurate was the fire of our cannoners. The enemy's guns, mounted on Kenesaw, were 20th Parrotts, capable of very long range. Their fire was principally directed on Whitaker's brigade, which still held the hills taken from the enemy.

The points desired having been gained by these operations, Sherman, thinking to gain time by a grand assault, made a general attack on the mountain.

The day was exceedingly warm, but otherwise pleasant, the roads in good order, the men in fine health and good spirits, and the powder dry.

The line of battle described an irregular semicircle. McPherson commanded the left, with Frank Blair upon his extreme; Schofield was upon the right, with Cox on the extreme right; while Thomas's gallant Army of the Cumberland occupied the centre, with Hooker for the first time since the advance, in reserve—or, at least, the divisions commanded by Geary and Butterfield. The line ranged through swamps into dense patches of woods, and over hills indiscriminately. Vestiges of forests and second growth hung in broken patches on each flank, rendering cavalry operations extremely difficult. The centre, at least Palmer's and a portion of Howard's corps, occupied a bare, open plain, full of gullies and ravines, and only further diversified by a few stunted bushes and a solitary group of sugar trees. The left was more slightly located, and occupied territory from which it might hurl considerable destruction upon the enemy, without subjecting it to much exposure. In front of Logan, particularly, a long ledge of rocks presented itself, enclosed by a further protection of a bevy of solid oaks. Schofield held a strong position in case he had to resist an attack, his corps being located upon the clearest side of an elevation, partly hedged in and in process of cultivation, and partly left to its own ungrateful sterility.

The rebels, of course, had the hill, and swarmed upon it, with Hardee upon their left, with four divisions, commanded by Gens. Frank Chestnut, Pat Cleburne, Walker and Bates, with Loring (Polk's successor) upon the right, with three divisions, his own, Teach's and Claiborne's and Withers', while that notorious one-armed, one-legged fighting devil, Hood, commanded the centre, composed of Stevens's, Stewart's, Anderson's and Hindman's divisions.

At six o'clock, Blair, upon our extreme left, moved forward to the left of Kenesaw, as if to make the rebels believe he designed turning their right wing and attacking the mountain in the rear. His men moved a considerable distance, encountering nothing but skirmishers. Dodge, on Blair's right, advanced a heavy force of skirmishers to within 40 paces of the rebel rifle pits, where they halted and threw up fortifications.

Dodge's advance was supported by the troops of Gresham's division of Blair's corps, who also fought successfully with the enemy's skirmishers until the 52d Indiana, being drawn into what seemed an ambush, lost heavily in killed, wounded and prisoners. Gen. Dodge sent up five additional regiments to protect the flank of his line, and held on to his position. Logan's corps, on the right of Dodge's, had a severe fight.

Promptly at the hour designated, he moved out three of his brigades to assail the right half of Kenesaw. Walcott's brigade of Howard's division was on the left; Giles A. Smith's, of Morgan L. Smith's and Lightburn's, of the same division, on the right. These, advancing, scattered the enemy's skirmishers, and, pushing on up the hill with impetuosity, carried part of the rebel rifle pits. Some of the retreating enemy were captured while endeavoring to escape to a gorge which separates partly the right and left halves of Kenesaw. Still pressing forward our troops arrived at the foot of a perpendicular cliff 30 feet high, from the crest of which the rebels formed in line of battle, poured forth a destructive fire,

and rolled down stones upon the men. Seeing it impossible to scale these cliffs our line halted, retired a short distance and fortified on the extreme right. Cox's division of Schofield's corps attended to some rebel works on the Sandtown road and occupied them, driving the rebels beyond Hascall, and maintained some sharp skirmishing with the enemy during the day, but it was on the centre where the most desperate conflict took place.

Mitchell's and McCook's brigades of Davis's division were formed into two columns, with a battalion from Harker's, Wagner's and Kimball's, of Newton's division. At a given signal Mitchell, McCook and Harker emerged from behind our own fortifications, and rushed toward the enemy with splendid courage and enthusiasm. They beat back the enemy's advance, carried the first line of works, and charged up to the foot of his first line of defences. Wagner followed closely upon the left of Harker and Kimball. Upon the left of Wagner it seemed as though we would certainly break the rebel lines; the colors of several regiments were planted before the works, and some of our soldiers mounted the ramparts, but the death of Harker and the wounding of McCook, the terribly destructive fire of both musketry and artillery poured into our columns, and the difficulty of deploying such long columns under such fire, rendered it necessary to recall our men. Davis's 3d brigade threw up works between those they had carried and the main rebel line, and there remained. The whole contest lasted little more than an hour. We lost from 2,500 to 3,000 men, including many valuable officers. As the enemy fought behind works altogether, his loss was not so great. Harker's heroism was admired by all.

Our sketches of these two stubborn battles show the nature of the difficult task before our gallant men.

Marietta, seen to the left on the large sketch, was soon occupied by our forces. Johnston had indeed held Kenesaw against a first attack, but he durst not stand there.

Marietta is immediately on the railroad to Atlanta; it is 113 miles south of Chattanooga, and 30 miles north of Atlanta, and 11 miles north of Chatsahoochee river. We took possession of the place, and hold it as an important one. Marietta has been a very beautiful town. It contained a population of about 3,000, and was a place of great wealth. It was also a place where considerable manufacturing was done for the rebels, in the way of shoes, clothing, caps, etc. It was noted for its paper manufactory, a large part of the paper used South being manufactured here. Much of the paper on which Confederate money and bonds are printed was manufactured at this place. We captured no commissary stores or supplies here of consequence. Most of the citizens fled at our approach, carrying with them their effects.

LITTLE JOHNNY'S CATECHISM.

From the Owl.

BRITANNIA—Can you tell me, child, what you are?

LITTLE JOHNNY—I am a very small member of a very weak Cabinet, in a very great country.

BRITANNIA—How do you account for having become this member?

LITTLE JOHNNY—By reason of the name which I inherited from my fathers and my grandfathers at my birth.

BRITANNIA—Did they give you anything else at your birth which should fit you for your present post?

LITTLE JOHNNY—Yes; the talent of sacrificing everything to keep it, and of providing for all my relations and friends.

BRITANNIA—Have you any other higher duties?

LITTLE JOHNNY—No.

BRITANNIA—Oh, poor Johnny! how sadly you have been neglected. Tell me, child, how did you expect to keep in office?

LITTLE JOHNNY—By preserving Denmark and keeping the peace.

BRITANNIA—And what have you done?

LITTLE JOHNNY—Disembowered Denmark, and involved this country in war.

BRITANNIA—And will this keep you in office?

LITTLE JOHNNY—No; bou-bou—it will turn me out.

BRITANNIA—Who hates you more than the Germans?

LITTLE JOHNNY—The Danes.

BRITANNIA—Who laughs at you more than Bismarck?

LITTLE JOHNNY—The Emperor of the French.

BRITANNIA—If you go to war without him, what will happen?

LITTLE JOHNNY—We shall blockade all the German ports, and keep out our own commerce, and everything will go into Germany through France, and American cruisers under the German flag will destroy our commerce, and the French will carry the trade of the world and get the Rhine provinces, and we shall probably go to war with the United States, and we shall not be able to send enough troops to turn the Germans out of Denmark—so that the war cannot be a success, and if it is, success will be worse than failure.

BRITANNIA—Naughty boy; did you see all this at the beginning?

LITTLE JOHNNY—No; I never could see very far ahead.

BRITANNIA—Well, you have got matters into a great mess; but pay attention. You want to revenge yourself on Prussia?

LITTLE JOHNNY—Oh! yes.

BRITANNIA—And you think you can do it by going to war against Germany?

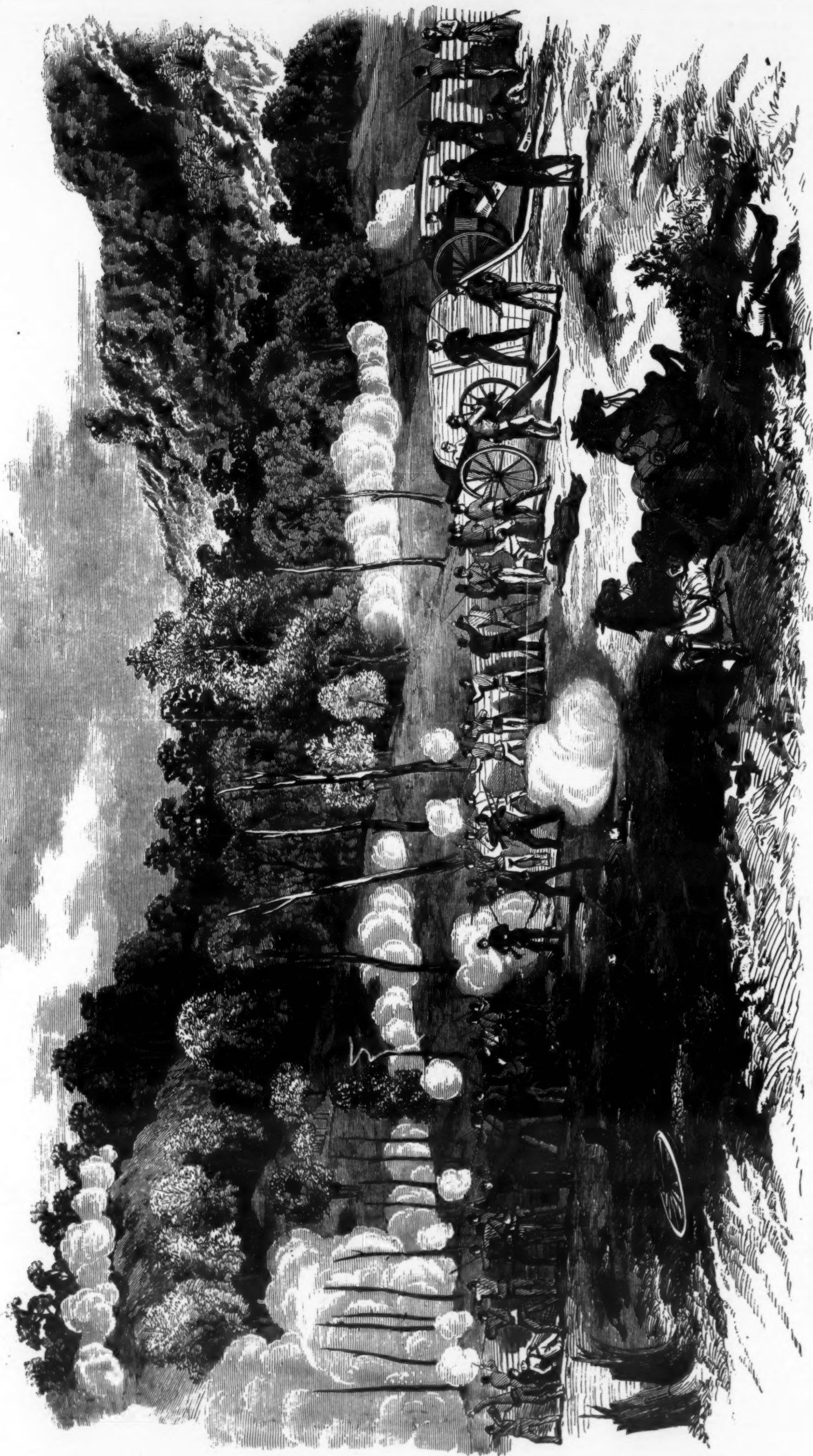
LITTLE JOHNNY—Yes.

BRITANNIA—Silly child. Do you know that the Emperor will not go with you unless you separate Federal Germany from despotism Prussia; that Bismarck wants to see Hamburg blockaded by English Ships; that to fight against the principle of nationality in Holstein makes the co-operation of the Emperor impossible? But you can support independent Holstein and Germany against the tyranny of Prussia, and get the Emperor to assist you against Prussia, and get a better line for the Danes, besides humiliating Prussia. My dear boy, I know German politics are rather difficult to understand; but before going to war, you really must have a clear idea of who is your enemy, and how you can best damage him. If you go to war with Germany, you fight against your best ally. If you go to war for Germany, you will destroy Prussia, and get far better terms in the end for Denmark. If you had only asked somebody who knew about it at the beginning, you might have saved yourself this lesson, which will make everybody laugh at you.

THE editor of the New York Monthly states

that a gentleman of the highest veracity related to him the following snake story, which beats anything we have read lately: "Going into an ordinary for his dinner, he was surprised to observe the extra care with which a gentleman, who took the seat opposite to him, took off his hat. He turned his head as nearly upside down as possible without breaking his neck; then placing his hand over his hat, he again turned it, and received its carefully guarded contents, concealed in a pocket-handkerchief, on his hand, then gently laying the back of his hand on the cushion, he slid the hat and its contents off and commenced his dinner. The attention of my friend was irresistibly attracted towards the hat, and his surprise was greatly increased on observing the head of a sizeable snake thrust out and looking sharply about him. The gentleman, perceiving the discovery, addressed him thus: 'My dear sir, I was in hopes to have dined alone, and not annoyed any one with my poor pet. Allow me to explain: He is perfectly harmless—only a common black snake. I was advised to carry him on my head for rheumatism. I have done so for several weeks and am cured—positively cured of a most agonizing malady. I dare not yet part with him, the memory of my sufferings is too vivid; all my care is to avoid discovery, and to treat my pet as well as possible in his irksome confinement. I feed him on milk and eggs, and he does not seem to suffer. Pardon me for my annoyance; you have my story—it is true. I am thankful to the informer for my cure, and to you for your courtesy in not leaving your dinner in disgust.'"

THE artificial register of a man's voice above its natural compass is like a sham fight—it is a false set-to.



SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA—THE ATTACK OF THE 14TH, 16TH AND 20TH ARMY CORPS ON KENESAW MOUNTAIN, JUNE 22.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. F. E. HILLEN.—SEE PAGE 311.



THE OPERATIONS NEAR WASHINGTON—SCENE OF THE FIGHT IN FRONT OF FORT STEVENS, JULY 12 AND 13.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. F. MULLER.

A SIMILE.

The family is like a book;
The children are the leaves,
The parents are the cover,
Protective beauty gives.

At first the pages of the book
Are blank and purely fair—
But Time soon writeth memories
And painteth pictures there.

Love is the little golden clasp
That bindeth up the trust:
Oh, break it not! lest all the leaves
Should scatter and be lost.

AMY.

"AMY LEY is sick and not expected to live," said a bright, black-eyed boy to his companion one beautiful autumn morning, as he entered the schoolroom.

"What did you say, Willie?" I asked, feeling alarmed at the unwelcome tidings.

"Why, teacher," answered the child, "Amy was taken very sick last night with the fever, and Mr. Ley came over after mother, at twelve o'clock last night, and got brother John to go for the doctor. When mother came home this morning she said Amy could not live, and the doctor said so too."

I could not question the child further, I felt too sad and too heartick. Could it be possible that one so young and beautiful as Amy should be called away in her youth, just when life was most fair and lovely? With a sad heart I rang the school-bell to call my happy pupils to their studies, and as I took my seat among them I knew not how soon I would miss one of their merry faces, how soon one of my little flock might be called away, or that I too might receive the summons. The preceding Sabbath I had spent the day at Amy's home. Amy had much to tell me as we sat together on the vine-covered portico. She was talking of the happy future, around which fancy wove so many shining garlands. She was soon to be a bride, and as she drew forth her wedding-dress I kissed her blushing cheek, and prayed that life might be always fair. But, then, the morrow: how little we know what it has in store for us. It was now Thursday. Amy was soon to pass into the land of shades.

That was a dreary day to me, and as I dismissed my scholars in the evening, I fondly hoped the case was not so bad as Willie said it was.

That evening I walked slowly and sadly across the fields that led to Amy's home. The twilight was growing deeper and darker, but I did not heed it, for my thoughts were far away, trying to solve the mysteries of the future. But as I entered the sick room I saw at a glance that hope was fruitless. Amy was lying on the bed, pale and motionless, and her short, quick breathing told that life was ebbing fast, the doctor stood by, holding her pulse, but he entered her laid it down and went away. Father and mother, sisters and brothers stood around, watching the loved one with anxious care. James Walton, the affianced husband, was seated at the foot of the bed with his face buried in his hands, and I saw his strong frame quiver and shake, like a tall tree of the forest as it bends to the merciless wind. Oh, how I pitied him.

I kissed the beautiful invalid. She opened her eyes and looked at me, a faint smile shot across her features, but that was all. My entrance aroused James. He arose and stood by the bedside, and as her gaze fell on him she stretched forth her arms for him to come nearer. He bent low till his face touched hers and kissed her fevered lips, and then, covering his face with his hands, wept bitterly. I left the room and turned my steps towards home. What right had I, a stranger, to intrude? That was no time for idle gazers on. The parents, I knew, would rather be alone with their dying child.

The moon had risen and was shining brightly as I retraced my steps, and my heart felt subdued and sorrowful.

The next morning Amy was dead. She had passed away calmly as the day had ended, and never again would we see her more. The Sabbath she was buried, laid in the deep, silent tomb. How beautiful she looked in her bridal robes! Little did she think as she stitched together the snowy fabric that it would moulder around her in the tomb.

James Walton turned away from that spot a ruined man, just two years before he had first met Amy, while on a visit to his uncle's who lived close by.

"You are very much interested in agriculture, my boy," said the old man; "I will take you over to farmer Ley's this evening; I want you to see his farm; everything is in apple-pie order, and he has a fine daughter, too," said the old man, with a sly laugh; "you will need a little woman to take care of you some of these days, and Amy is a fine girl."

"Pshaw, uncle," said James, "you don't think I could ever coax a woman to have me, for she could never endure to live out on the bleak prairie, and I get along very well keeping bachelor's hall."

But in spite of his bantering tones, James was interested, and why he could not tell. Perhaps it was fate.

That day was their first meeting, and the artless girl made an impression on his strong heart never to be erased. His visit was considerably lengthened, and those pleasant autumnal evenings invariably found him at farmer Ley's. Sometimes he and Amy would take a walk over the cooling hills, at others a moonlight ride, always together and always happy, and when he went away he left his own heart and took Amy's with him. It was the next spring the rebellion broke out James wrote to Amy in this manner:

"Amy, strong arms and brave hearts are wanted; will you not say, Go, James, with God's blessing, and protect our insulted banner?"

And Amy did say it, though it cost her many bitter tears, and many round spots on the paper

showed where they had fallen, but she loved her young lover most deeply and truly for his noble patriotism.

A few weeks found him with a band of men as brave and noble as himself; it was Capt. James now.

Amy was sitting by the window, sewing, one day all alone, when a loud knock at the halldoor startled her; who could it be? and laying aside her work she went to the door.

A handsome officer in uniform stood before her. "Oh! James, James," she exclaimed, joyously, "how glad I am that you have come."

"I could not go away without seeing you, Amy," he said; "but when this war is over I will have you with me always, shall I not, Amy?"

And Amy said, "As you please, James." That was their last meeting till he came home to make her his bride, but the day she was to have been his found her the bride of death.

No wonder he was stunned by the blow, sometimes the tall trees that have stood the storms of many years are laid prostrate at a single mighty blast. He went back to his men so changed, so altered; he was no longer the gayest, happiest man in the regiment, poor James. Was there any work to be done requiring heart or courage, Capt. James was the man, foremost in danger; the bravest of the brave was Capt. James, loved, honored and respected by all who knew him, and the boys said, We will follow where Capt. James leads. Through many bloody battles he

passed untouched, but at last, once when the shouts of victory were long and loud, his voice was not among them, and they found him cold and lifeless among the slain; an opened picture was in the rigid hand, dead Amy's picture. They dug his grave, and he and the picture may moulder together, but in happier spheres will their souls be reunited.

AN ANCIENT CUSTOM.—The triennial ceremony of "throwing the dart" in Cork harbor was performed a short time ago by the Mayor of that city. This is one of the very few still extant of those quaint ceremonials by which in olden time municipal boundaries were preserved and corporate rights asserted. A similar civic pageant, called "riding the fringes" (franchise) was formerly held by the Lord Mayor and Corporation of Dublin, in which, after riding round the inland boundaries of the borough, the cavalcade halted at a point on the shore near Bullock, whence the Lord Mayor hurled a dart into the sea, the spot where it fell making the limit of his maritime jurisdiction. At 2 P. M. the members of the Court Town Council embarked on board a steam vessel, attended by the civic officers and the band of the Cork City Artillery. A number of ladies also accompanied the party. The steamer proceeded out to sea until she reached an imaginary line between Poor Head and Cork Head, which is supposed to be the maritime boundary of the borough. Here the Mayor donned his official robes, and proceeded, attended by the mace and sword-bearer, the city treasurer and the town clerk—all wearing their official costumes—to the prow of the vessel, whence he launched the javelin into the water, thereby asserting his authority as resident High Admiral of the port. The event was celebrated by a banquet in the evening.



CHICKERING & SONS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Grand, Square and Upright Pianofortes.

THALBERG'S CERTIFICATE:

"Since my arrival in America I have constantly used the Pianos of Messrs. Chickering & Sons, and I can only repeat that which I have so often said before: The instruments are the best I have seen in the United States, and will compare favorably with any I have ever known."

Warerooms, 652 Broadway, N. Y., 246 Washington Street, Boston.

B. T. HAYWARD,
208 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Principal Army, Navy, Campaign, Masonic and Society Badge
Manufacturer of the United States.

I have now ready the appropriate Badge adopted by every Corps in the Army. Also, Artillery, Cavalry, Engineer, Naval and Pontonier Badges. I want an Agent in every Regiment in the Army and on board every Vessel in the service. I will send as sample, on the receipt of \$1, together with my wholesale Illustrated Circular to Agents, either a Solid Silver Shield (pure coin) or the 1st, 2d, 3d, 5th, 6th, 11th or 12th Army Corps Badge, with your Name, Regiment and Co. Handsomely Engraved thereon; and for \$1 50 I will send either the New Artillery or Battery Pin, Engineer, Pontonier, Cavalry, 9th, 10th, 14th, 18th, 19th, 20th or 23d Army Corps Badge, Engraved as above. Officers Badges and Badges of Every Description made to order.



HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH BITTERS.

THE SEASON OF EXHAUSTION.—Worn down by the heat of the summer months, the system now requires recruiting. The stomach is always weaker at this season than at any other, and it is upon this organ that the whole body mainly depends for its strength to resist disease. Unfortunately, at the very period of the year when the frame possesses least resisting power, the causes of sickness are most active. The exhalations from the soil are more deleterious towards the close of summer and in the fall than at any other season. Now, therefore, is the time to put the constitution and the organization in good fighting order. Strengthen them with a course of HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS, and unhealthy influences will lay siege to them in vain. This inestimable Tonic and Alternative does not create a mere spirit of appetite, but a steady, healthful, regular relish for food, and what is of equal importance, it communicates a degree of permanent vigor to the stomach which enables it to digest, without pain or inconvenience, the increased amount of sustenance which the restored appetite demands. For Dyspepsia there has never been such a medicine. It is not more certain that noon will follow morning and evening noon; than that HOSTETTER'S BITTERS will cure every case of Dyspepsia.

Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,
PREPARED AND SOLD BY
HOSTETTER & SMITH, PITTSBURG, PA.
NEW YORK OFFICE, 50 CEDAR STREET.

Do You Want to get Married?

"Courtship Made Easy." A Book of 100 pages, Illustrated. Treating on "Psychomancy," plainly showing how either sex can fascinate, win the undying love, and marry whoever they wish, irrespective of age or personal appearance. Sent by mail for 50 cents and two red stamps. Address

462-68 E. D. LOCKE & CO., Box 1825, Portland, Me.

DYSPEPSIA & FITS!**A SURE CURE FOR**

These distressing complaints is now made known in a Treatise on Foreign and Native Herbal preparations, published by DR. O. PHELPS BROWN. The prescription was furnished him in such a providential manner, that he cannot conscientiously refuse to make it known, as it has cured everybody who used it, never having failed in a single case. It is equally sure in cases of Fits as of Dyspepsia; and the ingredients may be found in any drug store. Sent free to all on the receipt of five cents to prepay postage. Address

DR. O. PHELPS BROWN,
No. 19 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

Published this Day.

BRADY'S MERCURY STORIES, No. 51.

SADIA,

A Heroine of the Rebellion.

A tale of this War, founded on facts with real characters.

BY NED BUNTLINE.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DARLEY. Price, 25 cents.

This story more accurately and truthfully depicts the stirring scenes and incidents of the present war than any tale of the Rebellion that has yet been published.

Mailed free of postage on receipt of price.

FREDERIC A. BRADY, Publisher,
No. 22 Ann Street, N. Y.

RARE BOOKS.

AGENTS WANTED. PRIZE PACKAGES. AGENTS WANTED.
NEW YORK AGENCY, 37 and 39 Nassau Street, N. Y.
462-5

Seaside Summer Resort

FAIRFIELD HOUSE, FAIRFIELD, CONN. This favorite and splendid Summer Resort was opened for visitors—either transient or permanent—on the 1st of May. The house is new and handsomely furnished—has all modern improvements—is lighted with gas throughout. The Beach for Bathing is the finest on the Sound. There is good fishing and elegant drives. Parties making early arrangements for the season will be taken on favorable terms.

000

F. D. CARRIQUE.

Matrimony.—Why every man should marry. Why every woman should marry. All may marry to know. Read the Illustrated Marriage Guide and Medical Adviser, by WM. EARL, M. D., 200 pages. Mailed in sealed envelope on receipt of 25 cts. Address 12 White Street, New York.

The most "Rich, Rare and Racy" Fa-
per in the U. S. is the "STAR SPANGLED BANNER," published at Hinesdale, N. H., at only 25 cents a year, with a gift to every subscriber. Subscribe at once. Specimens for a stamp. Address "STAR SPANGLED BANNER," Hinesdale, N. H. 460-3

Wonderful! Strange!

Full Instructions by which any person can master the art of Ventriiloquism in a few hours and make a world of fun. Sent by mail for 25 cents, or 6 for \$1. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ill.

\$100 per Month. Active and reliable Agents in the Army and everywhere else, in the most lucrative business known. Honorable and no risk. Address or apply to

457-67 T. & H. GAUGHAN, 116 Broadway, N. Y.



BARNUM'S
SELF SEWER
FOR ALL SEWING MACHINES
Preserves the Eyes, avoids bending. No basting.
No Machine complete without it. Price \$1 50, with directions, sent by mail. For sale for all Machines, at the inventor's headquarters, WILCOX & GIBBS'S Sewing Machine Office, 508 Broadway, New York.
451-63 D. BARNUM.

WANTED! WANTED!**WHISKERS & MOUSTACHES.**

DR. BRIGGS'S GOLDEN ODOR is the powerfullest stimulant in the World. The Golden Odor will force a full set of Whiskers or Moustaches in five weeks upon the smoothest face, without stain or injury to the skin. Warranted, or money refunded. Also, hair on Bald Heads in six weeks. Sent, postpaid, two packages for \$1. Testimonials of thousands. Address
DR. C. BRIGGS, Chicago, Ill.
461-2 Drawer 6308.

The Greatest Thing of the Times.

Send for one of E. J. Bourgeois & Co.'s Jewelry Catalogues, which contains the most extensive list of Jewelry at lower prices than have ever yet been offered to the American public.

N. B.—Catalogues sent free on application. Great inducements to Agents.

E. J. BOURGEOIS & CO.,
Dealers in Jewelry,
459-62 239 North Second St., Phila.

GOURAUD'S
Italian Medicated Soap,

It is well known—cures Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Eruptions, Prickly Heat, Sallowness, Salt Rheum, Chaps, Chafes and all cuticular deformities.

GOURAUD'S POUCE SUIVANTE unclogs hair from low forehead or any part of the body, warranted, \$1.

GOURAUD'S LILT WHITE for flushed red faces.

GOURAUD'S LIQUID VEGETABLE ROUGE.

GOURAUD'S HAIR DYE and numerous toilet accessories, found at the old established Depot of

DR. FELIX GOURAUD,
453 Broadway.

Also of BATES, 129 Washington Street, Boston; UPHAM, South Eighth Street, Philadelphia; KETNER, Pittsburg, CALLENDER, Philadelphia; H. D. ROBINSON, Portland, and Druggists generally.

"Album Gems."—Something New, Gay and Fancy. The most desirable Cards ever published—including the French Dancing Girl; Venus Sporting with Love; Bedtime; Bombarding Charleston; Sinking the 230, etc., etc. Price only 8 cents each, or \$1 for the set of 15 choice cards.

G. W. TOMLINSON, Publisher,
221 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

"Self Preservation"—A New Medical book, containing Secrets relating to Single and Married Life, which no man, young or old, should fail to know. Price 50 cents. Address JOHN C. JENNISON, Box 6374, P. O., New York. 461-8

GREAT PRIZE DISTRIBUTION

OF
Gold Watches, Diamond Rings, Elegant Jewelry and Fancy Goods,
Worth \$500,000!

T. BENTON & CO., Jewellers, 195 Broadway, N. Y.

CERTIFICATES, naming each article of our stock, and its value, are placed in SEALED ENVELOPES, and well mixed. One of these envelopes will be delivered at our office, or sent by mail to any address, without regard to choice, on receipt of 25 cents; the article named on such certificate will be sent to any address for ONE DOLLAR, or it may be exchanged for any other article on our list of the same value.

NO BLANKS!

You MAY get a WATCH or DIAMOND RING for ONE DOLLAR, which you do not pay until you know what you have drawn.

You MUST get the VALUE of your money.

Entire satisfaction guaranteed in all cases.

Six Certificates for \$1; thirteen for \$2.

AGENTS WANTED. Send a stamp for a Circular.

All letters should be addressed

T. BENTON & CO., Box 5567, P. O., New York.

Trinity Collection of Church Music.

Containing the Psalms and Hymn Tunes, Chants, &c., used in Trinity Church, New York, and in its Three Chapels. By EDWARD HODGES, of Sidney College, Cambridge, England, with Valuable Additions by the editor, S. PARKMAN TUCKERMAN, Organist and Director of Music in St. Paul's church, Boston. Just published by

OLIVER DITSON & CO., 140 N. 3d St., Boston.
Price, Cloth, \$3; Bds., \$2 50, on receipt of which copies will be sent, postpaid.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.

THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY EVER OFFERED
TO SECURE GOOD JEWELLERY AT
LOW PRICES.

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELLERY, GOLD
PENS, BRACELETS, LOCKETS, RINGS,
GENTS' PINS, SLEEVE BUT-
TONS, STUDS, ETC.,

Worth \$500,000!

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to
value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are
to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform
you what you can have for \$1, and at the same time get
our Circular containing full list and particulars, also
terms to Agents, which we want in every Regiment and
Town in the Country.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

**Stereoscopic Pictures and Cartes de
Visite**, latest importations. Also, New Books and
Sporting Articles. Send for Circular.
000 PIERRE BIRON, 25 Ann St., N. Y.

**The Confessions and Experience of
an Invalid.**

Published for the benefit and as a warning, and a
caution to young men who suffer from Nervous De-
bility, Premature Decay, etc.; supplying at the same
time the means of Self-Cure. By one who has cured
himself, after being put to great expense through medi-
cal imposition and quackery. By inclosing a postpaid
addressed envelope, single copies may be had of the
author, NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Bedford, Kings
County, N. Y. 000

DISTILLED DEW

Beautifies the Complexion, removes Tan, Freckles and
Discolorations, and renders the Skin White, Soft, Smooth
and Clear. All Druggists.
000 DEPOT, 718 BROADWAY.

If you want to Know

A little of everything relating to the human system,
diet, air, marriage, etc., etc., read revised and enlarged
edition of

MEDICAL COMMON SENSE.

Among the many subjects treated in this work are
the following: Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Ca-
tarrh, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Piles, Liver
and Philosophy of Digestion, Constipation, Rupture,
Salt Rheum, Cancer, Paralysis, Diseases of the Heart,
Neuralgia, How to Recover the Sight and throw aside
Spectacles, The Curious Marriage Customs of the World,
Philosophy of Elopements, Philosophy of Childmark-
ing, a Chapter for the Married, and a thousand things
of value to the married and single never written be-
fore, making, altogether, a curious book for curious
people, and a good book for every one. 400 pages; 100
illustrations. Contents tables sent free by mail to all
applicants, or the book forwarded by mail, postage paid,
on receipt of \$1. 50. Address
E. B. POOTE, 1130 Broadway, N. Y.

**Do You Want Luxuriant Whiskers
or Moustaches?**

MY ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in
six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or
injury to the skin. Price \$1—sent by mail, post free,
to any address on receipt of an order.
R. G. GRAHAM, 109 Nassau St., N. Y.

Photograph Cards for Gentlemen—

Samples and Catalogues sent for 25 cents. Enclose an
envelope with your own name and address.
D. HEMMETTE, 58 1/2 Liberty St., N. Y.

**Wanted Everywhere, good reliable
Agents, for a pleasant, legitimate, lively business—per-
manent employment, nice extra liberal inducements.
Catalogue, with full particulars, sent free on application.
Address BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK,
14 Chambers St., N. Y.**

Attention, Company!

CLARK'S ONGUENT.—A Powerful Stimulant. Each
packet warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers or
Moustaches in Six Weeks upon the smoothest face,
without stain or injury to the skin. Any person using
this Ointment and finding it not so represented (by in-
forming me of the fact), can have their money returned
to them at any time within three months from day of
purchase. Price \$1. Sent sealed and postpaid to any
address on receipt of the money.
A. C. CLARK,
450-53 P. O. Drawer 118, Albany, N. Y.

**Beauty.—Hunt's White Liquid Enam-
el**, prepared by Madame Rachel Leveron, the cele-
brated Parisian Ladies' Enameler. It whitens the
skin permanently, giving it a soft, satin-like texture,
and imparts a freshness and transparency to the com-
plexion which is quite natural, without injury to the
skin. It is also warranted to remove Tan, Freckles,
Pimples, Sunburn, etc. Sent by mail, free from ob-
servation, on receipt of price, 50 cents. Address
HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St.,
and 41 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

Asthma Cured.

RELIEF GUARANTEED IN TEN MINUTES, and a
permanent cure effected by the use of "UPHAM'S
ASTHMA CURE." Cases of from ten to twenty years
standing yield at once to its influence. Price \$2. Sent
postpaid to any address, by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South-
Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa. Circulars sent free.
461-4

Broker's Stock of Unredeemed Goods,
consisting of a variety of rich and valuable goods, such
as Gold and Silver Watches, Ladies' and Gents' Gold
Chains, Gold Jewelry of every description, Dress Goods,
Shawls, Parasols, Scarfs, Silver and Silver-Plated Ware,
Photograph Albums, and a variety of other articles
valued from 75 cents to \$200 each, for sale at one dollar
for each article. For further particulars address
ANDREWS & CO.,
450-3 108 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.

Cooley's Cabinet Printing Office

FOR THE ARMY AND
NAVY,

Merchants, Bankers, Teachers,
Amateurs, etc., etc.,

And warranted to print in the
best manner. Send for Circular.

J. G. COOLEY,
Syracuse St., N. Y.

FURNITURE, FURNITURE

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

BY

DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,

(FORMERLY H. P. DEGRAAF),

No. 87 BOWERY, NEW YORK.

This establishment is six storeys in height, and extends 242 feet through to No. 65 Chrystie Street—making it
one of the largest Furniture Houses in the United States.

They are prepared to offer great inducements to the Wholesale Trade for Time or Cash. Their stock consists
in part of

ROSEWOOD, PARLOR AND CHAMBER FURNITURE;

Mahogany and Walnut, Parlor and Chamber Furniture.

Also, CANE and WOOD SEAT work, all qualities; HAIR, HUSB and SPRING MATTRESSES, a large stock;
ENAMELLED CHAMBER FURNITURE, in Sets, from \$22 to \$100.

Tucker's New Style Patent Spring Bed,

The best as well as the cheapest of any in use. Retail price, \$3 each.

Their facilities for manufacturing defy competition. All work guaranteed as represented.

Do not Fail to Get, on your way to
the Boat or Car,

FRANK LESLIE'S

LADY'S MAGAZINE

FOR AUGUST, 1864.

Such an array of Fashions and Fashion Intelligence was
never given in Summer.

The Steel Double Page of Bridal Fashions
IS UNEQUALLED.

A FOUR-PAGE FASHION PLATE,

Jackets, Cuffs, Skirts, Waists, Children's Dresses,
Coiffures in great variety.

**FULL SIZED PATTERN OF A CORSAJE,
WITH COAT-BASQUE.****CONTENTS:**

My Brother and I.
The Wife's Ghost.
Mrs. Rushton's Last Will.
Notes from the Life of a Tragedienne.
The Bride of Oranienburg.
An Ex-Policeman's Story.
Marie, or the Blue Handkerchief.
A Fairy Story for Little Folks.

With elegant Illustrations, Social Sketches, Natural
History, Travels, Comic Scenes, etc.

Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine

Is the freshest, most racy and charming of the
monthlies, and in point of illustration
has never been approached.

Buy a Number and be Convinced!

FRANK LESLIE,

537 Pearl Street, N. Y.

**Gray's
Patent
Molded
Collars**

**Gray's Patent Molded
Collars.** The only Collars
shaped to fit the neck with a
perfect curve free from angles or
breaks. The turn-over style is
THE ONLY COLLAR MADE
having the patented space for
the cravat, rendering the sur-
face next the neck perfectly
smooth and free from those
puckers which in all other turn-
down collars so chafe and irri-
tate the neck. EVERY COL-
LAR is stamped "GRAY'S"
PATENT MOLDED COLLAR. Sold by all retail de-
alers in Men's Furnishing Goods. The trade supplied by

HATCH, JOHNSON & CO.,
81 Devonshire Street, Boston.

J. S. LOWREY & CO., 37 Warren St., N. Y.
VAN DEUSEN, BOEHMER & CO.,
627 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

HODGES, BROS., 23 Hanover St., Baltimore.
WALL, STEPHENS & CO.,
322 Pennsylvania Av., Washington.

LEAVITT & BEVIS, cor. Fifth and Vine Sts., Cinn.
J. VON BORRIES & CO., 434 Main St., Louisville.

A. FRANKENTHAL & BRO., No. 6 Main St., St. Louis.
BRADFORD, BROS., Milwaukee.

WEED, WITTERS & CO., 7 to 13 Tchoupitoulas St., N. O.
450-5

DURYEA'S MAIZENA

RECEIVED TWO PRIZE MEDALS

(From Juries 3 and 4) at the

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION,

LONDON, 1862;

At the Great International Exhibition at
Hamburg, July, 1863, Received the
Highest Prize Medal for its Great
Delicacy as an Article of Food.

Can be served up in an infinite variety of delicious
dishes. Sold by all Grocers, with directions. SEND
FOR A PAMPHLET, WITH 50 RECEIPTS, which will
be furnished on application by letter or otherwise to
WM. DURYEA, Agent, 106 Fulton St., N. Y.

Dr. La Porte's Life Elixir.

THE GREAT NERVE AND REJUVENATING
Remedy restores to manly vigor all who are suffering
from Impaired Spinal Energy, Nervous Debility, etc.,
arising from whatever cause. Price \$2. Sent postpaid
by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South-Eighth street, Philadel-
phia, Pa. Circulars sent free. 461-4

C. S. Sea, M. D., Baltimore, 35 years
Professor of Female Therapeutics. Safety Cards Free.
450-53

PLAYING CARDS!

PLAYING CARDS.

PLAYING CARDS.

BEST THING OUT

Finest Card Ever Issued!

Of new and elegant design, and are the same in all
particulars as old style cards, with the exception that by
holding them to the light you see

52 Beautiful Pictures.

Enclose \$1 25 and three red stamps for sample pack.
\$144 per gross.

402-5 T. ALLEN, 60 Nassau Street, N. Y.

**EMPLOYMENT
AT YOUR OWN HOMES.**

Thousands can realize \$100 weekly. No utensils re-
quired except those found in every household; profits
100 per cent.; demand staple as flour. It is the greatest
discovery of the age. Full particulars sent on receipt
of two stamps for return postage. Address
C. MUNRO BROWN, 74 Blocker St., N. Y.

Literary Agency, Established in 1842.

The subscriber has, for more than 20 years past, been
in the habit of reading and preparing manuscripts for
the Press. At first this labor was one of kindness, and
performed gratuitously. But it became so burden-
some, and absorbed so much time, that a small charge
in the nature of a preliminary fee became necessary.
This fee, not exceeding \$25, and generally less, com-
pensated both for a careful and critical perusal of a
work in manuscript, and the offering of it, if approved,
to publishers.

The subscriber continues to receive and read manu-
scripts in the same manner, giving his candid opinion
concerning them, and arranging for their printing and
publication, when desired to do so. He makes his
charges as small as possible, since his chief object is to
aid and benefit authors.

In all cases letters of advice should be forwarded by
mail, while manuscripts are sent, prepaid, either
through the Post Office or by express, legibly addressed,
PARK BENJAMIN, 75 West 45th St., N. Y.

MATRIMONIAL FAVORS

BRIDAL SETS, BRIDAL GARNITURES, BRIDES-
MAIDS' SETS, OSTRICH FEATHERS
AND PARIS FLOWERS.

At TUCKER'S, 759 Broadway.

**HOWARD'S "IMPROVED"
SWEAT PROOF****Soldiers' Money Belts.**

Every Soldier can have one sent to him by return
mail, free of postage, by inclosing \$2 or \$2 50, according
to the quality desired. Address
HOWARD BELT CO., 436 Broadway, N. Y.

The Great Money-Making Article.

Everybody needs it. Agents or Soldiers can make \$10
a day. Sample, with particulars, sent free by mail, for
25 cents. Address
000 E. H. MARTIN, Hinsdale, N. H.

\$60 A MONTH!—I want Agents at \$60 a month,
expenses paid, to sell my Everlasting Pen-
cils, Oriental Burners, and 13 other articles. 15 Cir-
culars free. JOHN F. LORD, Bideford, Me.
402-64

Stereoscopic Views and Cartes de Visite.
1,000 different kinds. Send stamp for a Catalogue.
000 VICTOR DELAFO, 80 Nassau St., N. Y.

**The Early Physical Degeneracy of
American People,**

And the early melancholy decline of Childhood and
Youth, just published by DR. STONE, Physician to the
Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute.

A Treatise on the above subject, the cause of Nervous
Debility, Marasmus and Consumption; Wasting of the
Vital Fluids, the mysterious and hidden causes of Pal-
pitation, Impaired Nutrition and Digestion.

Do not fail to send two red stamps and obtain this
book. Address

DR. ANDREW STONE,

Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute;
and Physician for Diseases of the Heart, Throat and
Lungs, No. 95 Fifth Street, Troy, N. Y. 449-61

75,000 Watches, Chains, &c**WORTH \$400,000.**

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value,
and not to be paid for until you know what you are to
get. Send 20 cents for a Certificate, which will inform
you what you can have for \$1; and at the same time
get our Circular containing full lists of articles and par-
ticulars, also terms to Agents, which we want in every
Regiment and Town in the country.

Six Certificates can be ordered for \$1; thirteen for
\$2; thirty-five for \$5; and one hundred for \$12.
Address A. C. CLARK,
450-53 P. O. Drawer 118, Albany, N. Y.



1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th,
9th, 10th, 11th, 12th,
14th, 15th, 20th, 23d

ARMY CORPS,

Showing each Division.

BY THE SINGLE ONE,
100 for 1,000.

Send for Circular.
Address

DROWNE & MOORE,
Manufact'g Jewellers,
208 Broadway, N. Y.

9th ARMY CORPS.

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Address

Munroe's Ten Cent Novels

For lively interest, real literary merit and taste of execution, are far ahead of all their competitors. The public are our judges. Choose for yourselves. They are—No. 1. The Hunters—2. The Trapper's Retreat—3. The Patriot Highwayman—4. The Hunted Unionist—5. The Track of Fire—6. The Man-Eaters—7. Charlotte Temple—8. The Death Face—9. The Indian Slayer—10. The Turtle Catcher—11. The Hunter's Triumph—12. The Ocean Rovers—13. The Tory Outwitted—14. Zeke Sternum, the Lion-hearted Scout—15. The Scourge of the Sea—16. The Captive Maiden—17. Long-Legged Joe, or the Demon of the Woods—18. The Wild Scout of the Mountains—19. The Forest Lodge—20. The Bollicking Rangers, to be issued August 13—21. Rattlesnake Dick, to be issued August 27. For sale by all News Agents, and sent postpaid on receipt of price, 10 cts. each. GEORGE MUNROE & CO., 137 William Street, N. Y.



For Hardening & Invigorating the Gums.

Cleansing, Beautifying and Preserving the Teeth, Purifying and Sweetening the Breath; the most convenient, efficacious and beneficial article for the Teeth the world has ever seen. Sold by Druggists and Fancy Goods dealers everywhere—75 cents per bottle. HALL & BUCKEL, Proprietors, 218 Greenwich St., N. Y.

Nervous Diseases and Physical Debility. arising from Specific causes, in both sexes—new and reliable treatment in Reports of the HOWARD ASSOCIATION—sent in sealed letter envelopes, free of charge. Address DR. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WM. KNABE & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF GOLD MEDAL GRAND AND SQUARE-PIANOS, BALTIMORE, Md.



sent on application. 457-650

Use of Tobacco, in all its forms, Cured and PREVENTED. Particulars free. Address 449-610 JAS. DAY & SON, New Haven, Conn.

WHAT TO DO AND HOW TO DO IT

Take an Agency for our Popular Books—buy at Wholesale, sell at Retail, and save the profits. Full particulars sent on receipt of stamp, by FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

Agents Wanted.—\$50 per Month guaranteed. For Terms and Specimens address with stamp, 450-640 L. L. TODD & CO., New York.

STAMMERING

Cured by Bates's Appliances. For (descriptive) Pamphlet, &c., address H. C. L. MEARS & CO., 277 West 23d Street, N. Y. 6000

NOW WE CAN LIVE IN COMFORT!

The great annoyance of breaking glass chimneys is effectually overcome, the Patent Fire-Proof Conical Chimney for Coal Oil Lamps are now fairly introduced, and give perfect satisfaction; they will not break by heat, falling, or any ordinary usage. They fit all the coal oil burners now in use. Try them, and satisfaction is certain. AMOS HORNING, Agent for Manufacturer, 521 North-Second St., Philadelphia, Penn.

Cartes de Visite. 25 FRENCH GRISSETTES. SOMETHING VERY NICE. In different positions of Art. Sent on receipt of \$1 and four red stamps. CHAS. MANN, No. 60 Nassau street, New York. 461-40



GROVER & BAKER'S HIGHEST PREMIUM ELASTIC STITCH SEWING MACHINES! Salesrooms, 495 Broadway, New York.

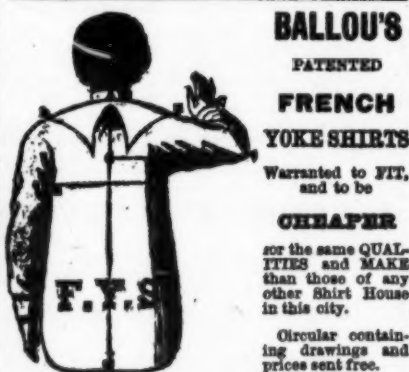
THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE, Magnifying 500 times, mailed to any address for 50 cts. Four of different powers for \$1. Address 0000 F. B. BOWEN, Box 230, Boston, Mass.



A MAN TRAP.
LADY—"Charles, dear, I'm really afraid my crinoline is coming off."
HUSBAND (suddenly bursting into a cold perspiration)—"By Jove, let's bolt into this bonnet shop." [Sold.]

\$15 PER DAY \$15

GUARANTEED TO ALL AGENTS who sell our great New and Wonderful Extra Large Size Stationery Price Packages; \$25 CAN BE MADE in a few hours by Smart Agents. Every Dollar invested more than doubled. Greatest MONEY-MAKING Business of the age. Each Package contains large quantities of fine Writing Materials, such as Paper, Envelopes, Pencils, Pens, Pen Holders, Blotters, Engravings, Ladies' Paris Fashion Plates, Designs for Needlework, Household Companions, Parlor Games, Keepsakes, Pocket Calendars for 1864, Letter Writers' Instructions, Valuable Recipes, Many Ways to get Rich, YANKEE NOTIONS, Fancy Articles, Rich Jewellery, &c., &c. Sales immense. Everybody buys them. A Splendid SOUVENIR GOLD or SILVER Hunting Case LEVER WATCH (warranted), presented FREE to each person who acts as Agent. Send for our Great New Circular for 1864, containing Extra Premium inducements free. S. C. RICKARDS & CO., 102 Nassau Street, New York.



For sale by all the principal dealers throughout the United States.

BALLOU BROTHERS, 403 Broadway, N. Y.



The only enameled "Turn-over" Collar made in metals. Send \$1 for a "Turn-over," or 75 cents for a "Choker," to C. H. WELLS, 94 Pine Street, N. Y., and receive it by return mail.

TRIUMPH OF MECHANISM.



"Snow White," Linen Finished, Illusion Stitched and "Corded," \$1. Perennial, 75 cents. Metallic, 50 cents. Suitable Tie, \$1. Avoid "spurious imitations." None reliable unless patented as above. Mailed on prepayment. Trade supplied. JEANERET, 75 Nassau St., N. Y.

Notwithstanding the increase in price of chemicals and other materials.

H. W. BENICZKY, PHOTOGRAPHER,

No. 2 New Chambers Street, N. Y., Will take Card Pictures at the OLD PRICE for a short time longer, \$1 50 PER DOZEN.

Large Photographs \$1 the first—50 cts. additional ones.

Particular attention paid to copying Cards or Ambrotypes into handsome Colored Photographs and Cards; even if the original is faded, it can be copied to a perfect picture at a reasonable price.

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN MEDALS

Of every description, now ready in Pin and Medal. Trade orders solicited and promptly filled at Factory prices. Wholesale Depot, CAMPAIGN MEDAL CO., 436 Broadway, N. Y.

BRIDGEWATER PAINT

Ground in Oil in several drab shades for Villas, Cottages, Roofs, etc., etc. R. REYNOLDS, Agent, 74 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

Vineland Lands.

Large and thriving settlements, mild and healthful climate, 30 miles south of Philadelphia by railroad. Rich soil, which produces large crops, which can now be seen growing. Ten, twenty and fifty acre tracts at from \$25 to \$35 per acre, payable within four years. Good business openings for manufacturers and others. Churches, schools and good society. It is now the most improving place East or West. Hundreds are settling and building. The beauty with which the place is laid out is unsurpassed. Letters answered. Papers giving full information will be sent free. Address CHAS. E. LANDIS, Vineland Post Office, Cumberland county, New Jersey.

From Report of SOLON ROBINSON, Agricultural editor of the Tribune: "It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position and suitable condition for pleasant farming, that we know of this side of the Western prairie."

The Human Voice—Male and Female. Why is one Bass and the other Soprano? Stammering. The true character indicated by the Voice. Climate, as affecting the Races—Temperament. Quality, and Constitutional differences between Northerners and Southerners. Men for the Time. Our National Resources; Shall we Repudiate? Marriage—Union of Opposites—Short Courtships—Matrimonial Customs. Was it a Ghost? Murderers detected by Dreams. Witches. Sensations when Crying—Is it painful? Coming to One's Self. Prayed to Death.

SIR ROWLAND HILL, MR. CHARLES MENOT, C. H. KILGORE, SEAMAN SIMONS—a murderer—DR. E. K. KANE, the explorer. An Esquimaux; Fishermen of Boulogne; with Portraits, Characters and Biographies. Also, ETIOLOGY, PNEUMATOLOGY, PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY AND PSYCHOLOGY, in the August Double number PERENNOLOGICAL JOURNAL—20 cents, or \$2 a year. Newsmen have it. Sent first post, by FOWLER & WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, N. Y. 462-30

GREAT TRIUMPH! STEINWAY & SONS,

Nos. 71 and 73 Fourteenth St., N. Y., Were awarded a First Prize Medal at the late Great International Exhibition, London. There were two hundred and sixty-nine pianos from all parts of the world entered for competition.

The Special Correspondent of the N. Y. Times says: "Messrs. Steinway's endorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker." 0000

GREAT CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY!

Agents can make \$10 to \$20 a day selling our celebrated PRIZE STATIONERY PACKETS. We have every variety, to suit the tastes of all; retail for 25 cts. each. A Splendid GOLD OR SILVER WATCH presented free to each Agent; \$15 capital only required to obtain 100 Packages and a fine Silver Watch. Also, SLENDID STEEL ENGRAVINGS. \$10 invested will yield \$40. Send for Circulars. Mailed free. G. S. HASKINS & CO., Prize Package and Engraving Warehouse, 36 and 38 Beekman Street, N. Y.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Fortress Monroe, Harper's Ferry, Newberne, Fort Royal, and all other places, should be sent at half rates, by HARMON'S EXPRESS, No. 65 Broadway. Butlers charged low rates. 0000

\$7 ARMY WATCH \$7

A Beautiful Engraved or Engine-turned Gold-Plated Watch, Double Case, Lever Cap, Small Size, Enamelled Dial, Out Hands, "English Movements," and Correct Timekeeper, sent free, by mail, in neat case, "WITH A BEAUTIFUL VEST CHAIN," only \$8. An Elegant SILVER WATCH, same as above, single case, by mail, \$7. Specially adapted to the ARMY. Address CHAS. P. NORTON & CO., Importers, 38 and 40 Ann Street, N. Y.

WARDS SHIRTS SENT EVERYWHERE BY MAIL OR EXPRESS

Self-Measurement for Shirts. Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.

STEEL COLLARS

ENAMELED WHITE, Having the appearance and comfort of linen, have been worn in England for the last two years in preference to any other collar, as they are readily cleaned in one minute with a sponge. To Military Men and Travellers they are invaluable. Price 75 cents each; sent by post to any part of the Union on the receipt of 90 cents.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. AGENTS WANTED in every Town in the Union. S. W. H. WARD, No. 387 Broadway, New York.

LADIES' LETTER

FIVE ANATOMICAL ENGRAVINGS Has information never before published. Sent free, in a sealed envelope, for 10 cents. Address Box 4652, New York Post Office.

Sportsmen, Tourists, AND ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS,

Powerful and Brilliant Double Glasses.

Portability combined with great power in Field, Marine, Tourists', Opera and general out-door day and night double perspective glasses, will show distinctly a person to know him at from 2 to 6 miles. Spectacles of the greatest transparent power to strengthen and improve the sight. Catalogues sent by enclosing stamp. SHIMMONS, Oculists—Opticians, 600 Broadway, N. Y.

To all wanting Farms.

Shults' Ointment—Warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in Six Weeks or money refunded. Sent, postpaid, for 50 cents. Address 455-700 C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

A Secret Worth Knowing—How to make the CELEBRATED WESTERN CIDER without apples or other fruit, in 12 hours. The Recipe sent everywhere for 25 cents. Address 0000 F. B. BOWEN, Box 230, Boston, Mass.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE ARMY

Hereafter we will send, postpaid, any of our PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS ordered by soldiers for themselves or friends, giving an Album of the full value of the money sent. Our Albums have the reputation of being superior to all others in beauty and durability, and range in price from 50 cents to \$50. Our Catalogue of

CARD PHOTOGRAPHS

Now embraces about 5,000 Officers Army and Navy, Statesmen, Actors, copies of Works of Art, &c. Catalogue sent on receipt of stamp.

Stereoscopes and Stereoscopic Views.

Our assortment of these is very extensive, including a great variety of views of the present War. Catalogue sent on receipt of stamp. E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 501 Broadway, New York, 458-60-2-40 Manufacturers of Photographic Materials.

NOW READY.

THE RECORD OF PARIS, LONDON AND NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SPRING No., 1864. WITH THE LARGEST COLORED PLATE Ever given in any Publication. Price 25 Cents.

Ladies, Dressmakers, &c., can obtain this invaluable Fashion Record of any Newsdealer. SAINT CATHERINE LIBRARY THE COLLEGE OF ST. CATHERINE ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA